

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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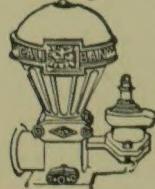
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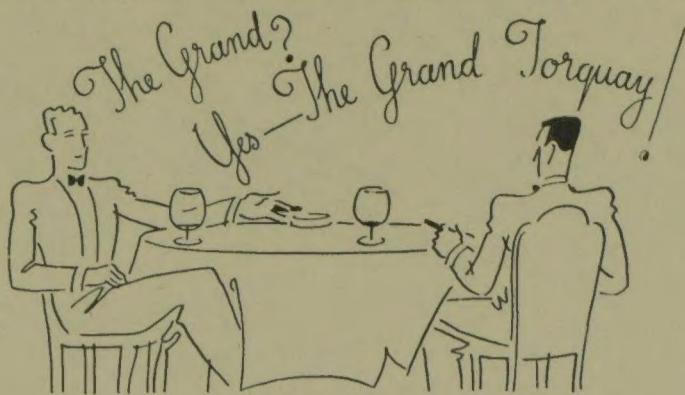
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JAMES . . . credula postulo. What's that—dinner like this every night?

GEORGE Yes, they've an Escoffier-trained chef and all the necessary background for good living.

JAMES And what, may I ask, is that?

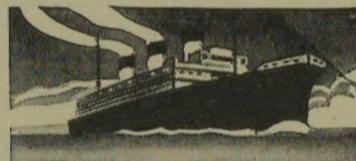
GEORGE I mean an absolutely first-class hotel, with a fine situation on the front and on the level, squash, tennis and golf and a procession of sporting fixtures in Torquay, a first-class band of broadcasting fame . . .

JAMES You must have been reading their advertisements! All right, I'll try it next week.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

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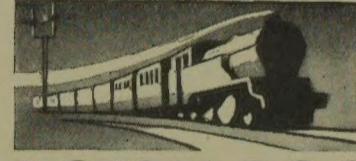
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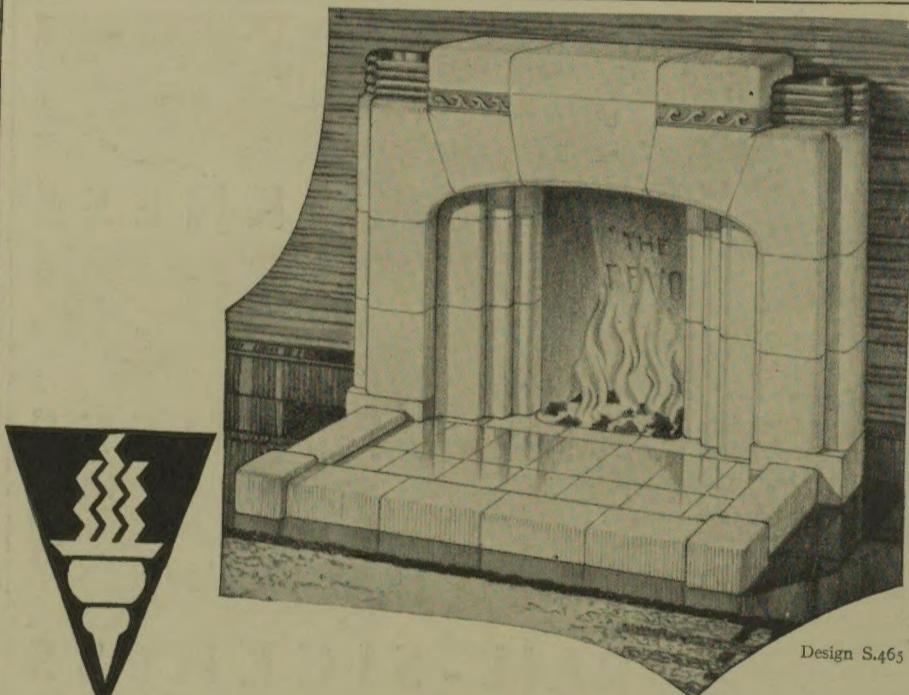
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1937.



THE FATALIST WITH THE MACHINE-GUN: A JAPANESE SOLDIER, THE UNQUESTIONING INSTRUMENT OF HIS COUNTRY'S WAR LORDS IN CHINA.

On the front page of our last issue we reproduced a photograph of a typical Chinese soldier of the Central Government's armies which have been resisting the Japanese at Shanghai. We here show a young Japanese soldier shouldering a light automatic. It would be a bold man who would give an exact figure for

the number of men the Japanese have now under arms. The official figures at the beginning of this year were about a quarter of a million on the active list, with seventeen infantry divisions; a hundred and ninety batteries of artillery of different calibres; and an air force manned by a personnel of 10,000.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW years ago it had become the fashion to say that cricket was a dying sport. In one of the best books ever written on the game, the author of "Cricket," in the English Heritage series, traced it from its pastoral infancy on Hambledon Down and in Kentish meadows, through its Homeric apotheosis in the genius of Grace and the great days ("in the distance enchanted") of Jessop, Fry, and Barnes to its post-war decline in uninspired stone-walling on flawless wickets and unfinished county matches played for percentages. Only in village cricket and in the spirited contests of small boys with club-like, rough-hewn bats and composition balls did any spark of the old god-like spirit of the game survive. The twilight had come, and it was a very dull twilight at that.

A glance, let alone six or seven hours of bored staring, at the contemporary state of first-class cricket confirmed this melancholy diagnosis. The game was sick, and popular interest, which, whatever its faults of taste, nearly always leans towards any manifestation of vitality, was drifting away from it to younger rivals. With so many dreary displays of batting, often, it seemed, as dependent on the pad as the bat, and such uninspired bowling, it was not surprising that a good many County Associations found it hard to avoid bankruptcy : it was only surprising that anyone bothered to pay for the privilege of passing their turnstiles at all.

But in cricket only one thing is predictable : the unexpected may happen at any moment. It has happened in the last few seasons. The mournful critics have been confounded. John Barleycorn got up again and sore surprised them all. The present season has shown itself worthy of cricket at its best, not in scores and analyses, but in the essential spirit of the game. At the moment of writing, Middlesex and Yorkshire are running neck to neck for the Championship, and each capping the other's swift victory by victory still more remarkable. The August of 1937, though the earlier part of the season was uneventful, has seen matches as hard fought and thrilling as any in the whole history of the game, and as distinguished play.

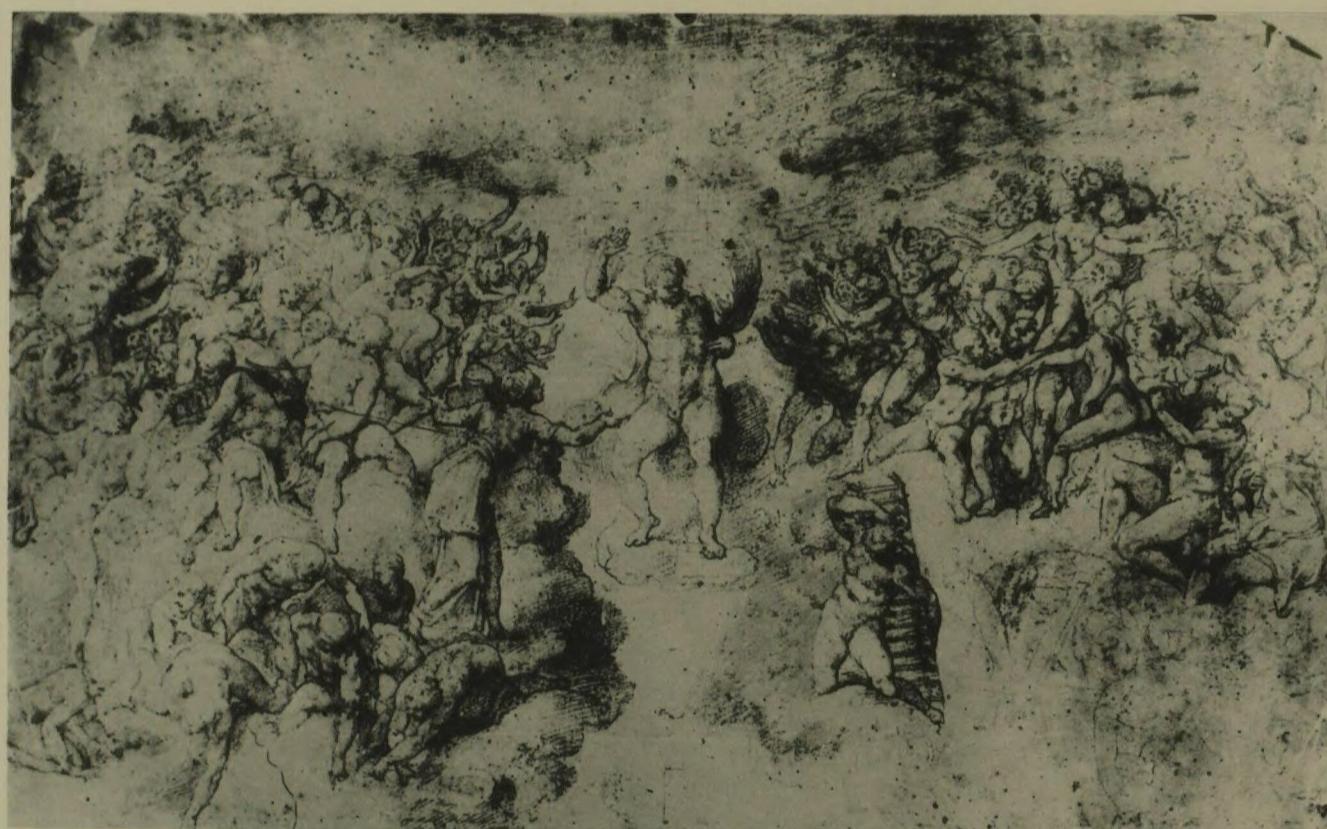
In one match Kent scored 219 runs in 71 minutes : cricket has come to life again. There have been, doubtless, plenty of games as good as that between Surrey and Middlesex at the Oval. (That is the glorious thing about cricket, that its capacity for evoking notable contests is inexhaustible.) But there can scarcely ever have been a better, and

perhaps by the time that these words have entered into the dignity of print, a still more glorious match may be approaching, since it is now reported that Robins of Middlesex has challenged Sellers of Yorkshire to a deciding test of prowess. It seems that a new generation has taken the field and banished the languors of post-war cricket. It is good to think that in the year of this triumphant renaissance, Pat Hendren and F. E. Woolley are still playing and, for all their lightly-borne years, still making centuries.

To some, all this may seem very unimportant. After all, cricket is only a game. It is not even any longer, if it ever was so, a game which the majority of our people play or take any interest in. And county matches make only a small facet, though a showy one, of the seasonal pageantry of English cricket. The annual fixture between Sheepleigh-

our name as a people famed throughout the world—individual fire and initiative ; team spirit and cheerful discipline ; humour, good temper, and tenacity ; the will to win and the fire to succeed ; boyish lightness of heart and dogged tenacity. In this paradoxical mixing of qualities, the genius of our race is to be found, in great as well as in little matters. They explain the last three hundred years of human geography as nothing else can explain them. When those qualities are seen to be failing, the world may justly look for a change in its polity ; the dominion or trusteeship—call it what you will—of Imperial England must in such an event be nearing its end. To many it seemed to be so during the sad and uninspired years that came after the Great War. What was observable in our national game was observable elsewhere. The war appeared to have exhausted our vitality as a people. There was the same uninspired playing for safety, the same dull reliance on rule of thumb, the same distrust of individual initiative which our forebears called guts and the highbrows of the post-war era renamed egotism. All through our national life the same falling off from an earlier ideal was visible. And what some critics rightly or wrongly saw in the state of contemporary cricket, others saw in the very soul of the body politic. "Mene, mene, Tekel, Upharsin" : God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

Yet nature has a way of confounding the prophets. The key to the future is not always to be found in the present. For if the sins of the fathers are sometimes visited on their children to the third or fourth genera-



BELIEVED TO BE A STUDY FOR THE UPPER PORTION OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT" IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL : A DRAWING OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE WHICH HAS JUST COME TO LIGHT; WITH PLENTIFUL EVIDENCE OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF ITS AUTHORSHIP—AND ALMOST CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MICHAEL ANGELO DRAWINGS IN SIR PETER LELY'S COLLECTION. (17 in. by 10½ in.)

A drawing in black chalk which is apparently a study for the upper portion of the fresco of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, has come to light, and was recently described in "The Times." Among the points which tend to establish its authenticity are the fact that it is carried out on thin Florentine paper backed by a heavier; and an inventory of Michael Angelo's possessions made on his death records that a number of his drawings were on thin paper backed by heavier. In addition, on the bottom right-hand corner are initials which have been established as being the collection mark of the painter, Sir Peter Lely. It is recorded that at the sale of Lely's collection of pictures a number of drawings of Michael Angelo were included. A sketch by Michael Angelo for the upper part of "The Last Judgment" fresco is known. This bears a striking resemblance to the drawing reproduced above. Other points are furnished by comparison with others of Michael Angelo's works—such as similarities of poses and anatomical inaccuracies. The drawing is now in the possession of an English collector.

under-the-Hill and Windicote St. Mary is fought out year by year with the same furious valour and heat of rustic rivalry, though the county ground may offer nothing but the kind of cricket that would make an umpire strike. Yet an unexpected hat-trick by Robins or a century in the teeth of urgent time by Edrich or Hutton does send new blood coursing through the corporate body of English cricket : arouses immortal longings in the dauntless breasts of village Hammonds and the spirit of emulation in small boys batting round grimy stumps in Victoria Park. Does any man maintain that Franco's soldiers do not fight the better because a handful, with the eyes of an incredulous world upon them, held the Alcazar at Toledo ?

Cricket is a game, but, as has been often said, it is a game in which the national characteristics may be studied in miniature. Victory on that toy field requires precisely the same attributes that have made

so are their virtues. Again and again in recorded history the miracle happens : a new generation for no apparent reason reverts, in defiance of the prevailing fashions of its immediate predecessors, to some older or traditional mode or ideal of life.

Something of the kind has happened in almost every country in Europe since the immediate post-war era. Whether one likes it or not, Germany has become more German, Italy more Italian, and Russia more Russian. Even Spain is reverting to the attributes which once made her great—disciplined valour, quixotic courage, and furious intransigence. And perhaps England, for all her changed face, is doing so too : the breezes that fan the green cricket field this passing summer seem to whisper something of the sort. By the grace of the young we may still continue to be the race of individualists we once were, instead of the community of bureaucrats we seemed so fast to be becoming.

THE GREAT HEAT-WAVE IN NEW YORK: SEEKING SLEEP "ABOVE STAIRS."

FROM THE DRAWING BY THEO MATEJKO.



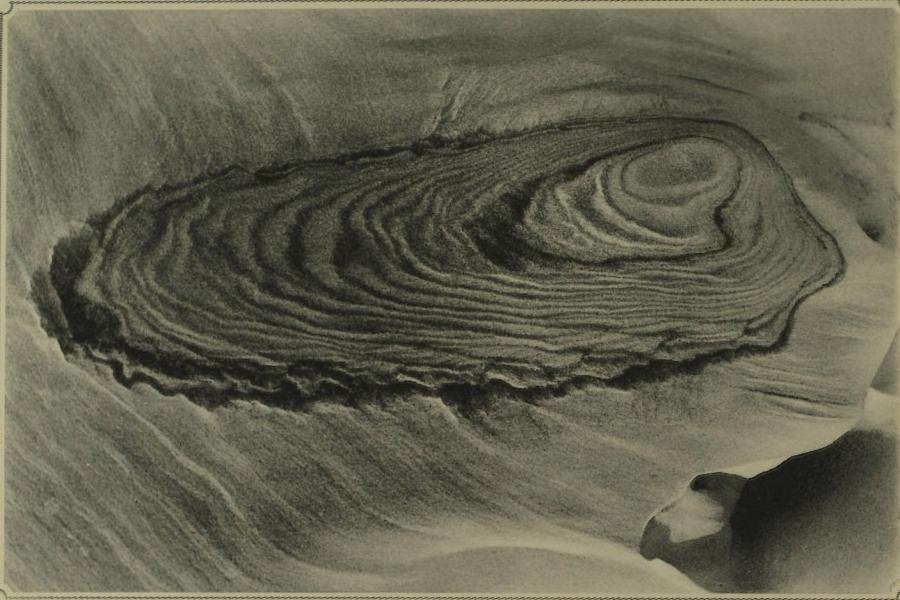
WHEN EXCESSIVE HUMIDITY AND INTENSE HEAT WRAPS MAN AND BEAST IN A WET BLANKET OF ATMOSPHERE:
NEW YORKERS IN A WORKERS' DISTRICT SEEKING RELIEF BY USING ROOFS AND BALCONIES AS DORMITORIES.

New York is well-nigh intolerable, even to those used to the conditions, when a heat-wave such as that which, as we write, is spread over the Atlantic seaboard of the United States is combined with high humidity; and nine deaths from the heat in the city have already been reported. Writing from New York on August 19, a "Times" correspondent said: "New York is suffering another visitation of the combination of high humidity and high temperature which has made this summer one of the worst in recent years. Yesterday the temperature was never lower than 80 deg. from noon until after midnight. The humidity

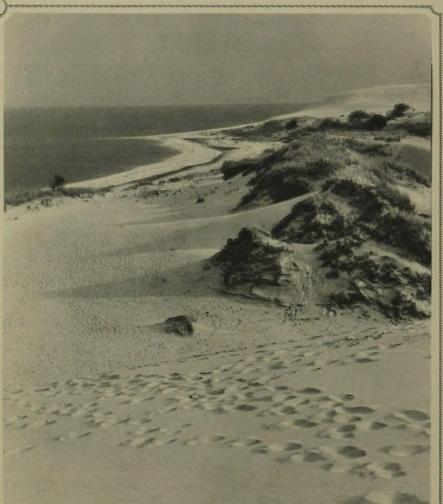
ranged between 52 and 88. To-day the temperature was not quite as high, but the humidity during the morning ranged from 74 to 90, wrapping around man and beast a wet blanket of atmosphere through which little body heat could escape. The normal temperature for this date should be 73." New Yorkers able to do so seek relief by going to Coney Island, where thousands sleep on the sands. In the workers' districts fire hydrants are sometimes turned on and people bathe in the water. Many bring their bedding out on the balconies and roofs of tenement houses and, dressed in bathing-costumes, try to obtain some sleep.

THE MIGRATING DUNES OF THE KURISCHE NEHRUNG: WIND-

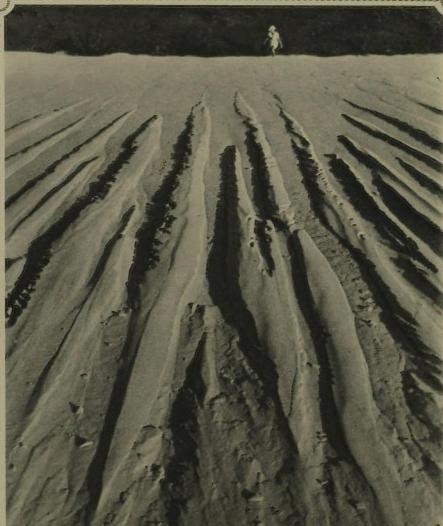
FORMED SAND PATTERNS REVEALING NATURE'S ARTISTRY.



AN "OYSTER-SHELL" SCOOPED OUT IN THE SAND BY THE WIND: ONE OF MANY REMARKABLE PATTERNS FOUND ON THE KURISCHE NEHRUNG.



WHERE THE SHIFTING SANDS ASSUME STRANGE SHAPES UNDER AN ONSHORE WIND: A VIEW OF THE KURISCHE HAFF FROM THE SAND-DUNES.



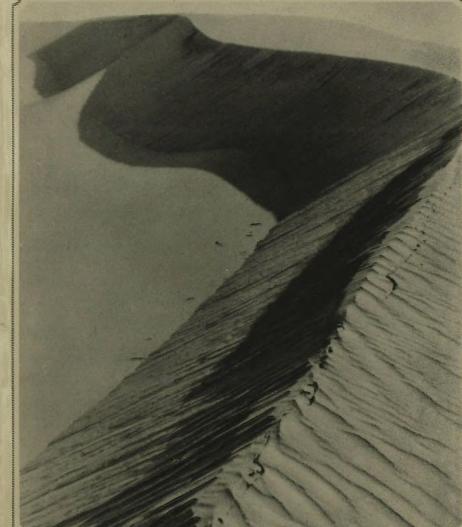
SUGGESTING CROCODILES BASKING ON A RIVER-BANK: A VIEW OF THE DRIFTING SAND FROM THE TOP OF A STEEP SLOPE.

Sand-dunes are a feature of a number of our coastal resorts and, where they consist of loose and shifting sand, the wind forms curious patterns on their ever-changing surface. These may not be immediately apparent to the holiday-

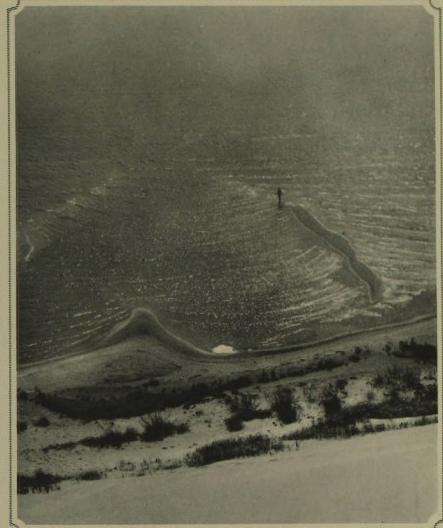
maker as he tolls up the steep slopes, but when photographed (and in certain cases enlarged by the photographer) the most extraordinary designs are revealed. Perhaps the biggest migrating dunes in Europe are found on the



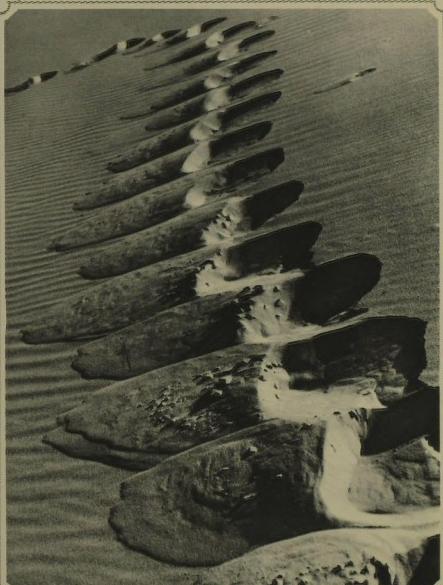
A DECORATIVE PATTERN ON THE STEEP INCLINE OF A DUNE: THE FLOWING MASSES OF SAND SLIPPING DOWNWARD UNHINDERED BY ANY OBSTACLE.



THE CREST OF A SAND "WAVE" WHICH TOWERS ABOVE A LEVEL STRETCH BENEATH: ONE OF THE 200-FT. DUNES BORDERING THE LAGOON.



SHOWING HOW THE SAND IS GRADUALLY ENCROACHING ON THE LAGOON: A VIEW FROM A HIGH SAND-DUNE OVER THE KURISCHE HAFF.



MINIATURE LANDSLIDES CAUSED BY WALKING OVER THE LOOSE SAND: "FOOTPRINTS" WHICH RAPIDLY DISAPPEAR WHEN THERE IS A STRONG WIND BLOWING.

Kurische Nehrung, a spit which separates the Kurische Haff, a sort of lagoon, from the Baltic. This is fringed by huge sand-dunes, some of them 200 ft. high. The onshore winds are continuously changing and reshaping the

formation of the dunes; and our photographs show some of the marvelous patterns formed on the surface of the loose sand during this ceaseless movement. The migrating dunes are threatening to silt up the lagoon.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PECULIARITIES OF THE LEMURS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OF the many thousands of visitors who pass through the lemur-house of the London Zoo during the year, only a very few, I feel sure, have any notion that these strange-looking creatures have an ancestry that is linked up with our own. Now, in collecting the evidence on which this ancestry is based, the experts whose business it is to trace pedigrees have brought out many most surprising facts explaining not only the curiously discontinuous geographical distribution of these creatures, but also revealing to us profound changes in climate, and the distribution of land and water on the earth's surface in the course of the ages.

Small and primitive types, many not in the least resembling what we know as lemurs to-day, were abundant both in North America and Europe in what the geologists call the "Tertiary" era of the world's history, beginning with the Eocene and extending into the Oligocene. Fine skulls and other remains of *Adapis* and *Necrolemur*, which were undoubtedly lemurs, have been found in the red phosphorites of Southern France, and the jaws of these animals have been found in the Upper Eocene of Hordwell, in Hampshire, while teeth of allied species have been found in the Eocene of Dakota, U.S.A. The earlier types were quite small, and some presented unmistakable resemblances to insectivores. But, as is so commonly found when the pedigree of some particular branch of the animal kingdom is surveyed, the earliest members of the group were pygmies, while the latest in time were giants. In the surface deposits and caverns of Madagascar their fossil remains are numerous, and it is here that these giants, such as *nesopithecus* and *megaladapsis*, which survived into prehistoric times, are found. *Megaladapsis*, which must have been as large as a donkey, was apparently adjusted to an aquatic life.

Madagascar to-day is the headquarters of the race, though species far outside this asylum are found both in Africa and the Far East, and they present wide differences of form and coloration. The present distribution of the lemur tribe and the wide structural differences they display are rendered more easily explicable when we take into consideration their past history. Structural changes are not brought into being as the result

related to the cats—is one of the best-known forms, and, in common with a number of related species, lives in troops, which become active towards evening, when they begin foraging for food, which is varied in kind, including not only fruits and buds, but eggs, young birds, and insects. But while all its relations are arboreal, this animal lives chiefly among rocks, where it moves about with the greatest ease. Men, even bare-footed, are unable to obtain a foothold here, owing to the slippery surface. This facility

which passes the winter in sleep—they prepare a snug nest for their sleeping-quarters!

The mouse-lemurs, like the typical lemurs, are confined to Madagascar, which they entered from the mainland of Africa ages ago, before the land-bridge connecting these two great areas disappeared. One wonders why more of the African lemurs did not accompany them, for some, like the members of the genus *Galago*, are found throughout the whole of Africa. Nocturnal in their habits, they share with the mouse-lemurs and that strange creature the tarsius, also one of the lemurs, the peculiarity of having the two uppermost bones of the ankle-joint enormously lengthened to form two shafts of bone, thus materially lengthening the foot. So far, however, nothing in their climbing habits has been discovered to account for this curious modification of the ankle-bones.

The South African maholi galago (*Galago maholi*) (Fig. 2) is one of a small group of lemurs remarkable for their beauty and lively habits, and differing from all other lemurs in their ability to fold their ears till they lie flat on the sides of the head, thus protecting these delicate organs when passing through thick foliage, especially if wet.

And now I must pass to an Asiatic representative of the lemurs, choosing that remarkable creature the slow loris (*Nycticebus tardigradus*) (Fig. 3), which furnishes us with a splendid illustration of the evils, as well as the benefits, of a high degree of specialisation. It is a native of Malay countries, Sumatra, and Borneo. Leading a solitary life, it passes the day in sleep, hanging suspended by its hands and feet from the bough of a tree, with the head thrust between the legs. At night it rambles among the branches, moving slowly and silently in search of small birds and insects, varied by tender leaves and fruits. When seeking living prey it approaches with infinite care, and when quite close a hand is suddenly darted out to seize the unsuspecting victim. And they are strange hands, for the first finger has become reduced to a mere vestige, devoid even of a nail.

What engendered this sluggishness, which is shared by five other species, and what brought about this strange sleeping posture, which it shares with its very near relations, the West African potto and the awantibo? Is it this persistent habit of tucking the body up for the greater part of every twenty-four hours which has brought about the strangely degenerate condition of the first finger of the hand?

These curiously aberrant species present yet another structural peculiarity, which seems very certainly to be intimately associated with the curious sleeping posture just referred to. And this is found in the breaking-up of the large, arterial trunks of the limbs into a network of smaller vessels, to form what is known as a *Rete mirabile*.



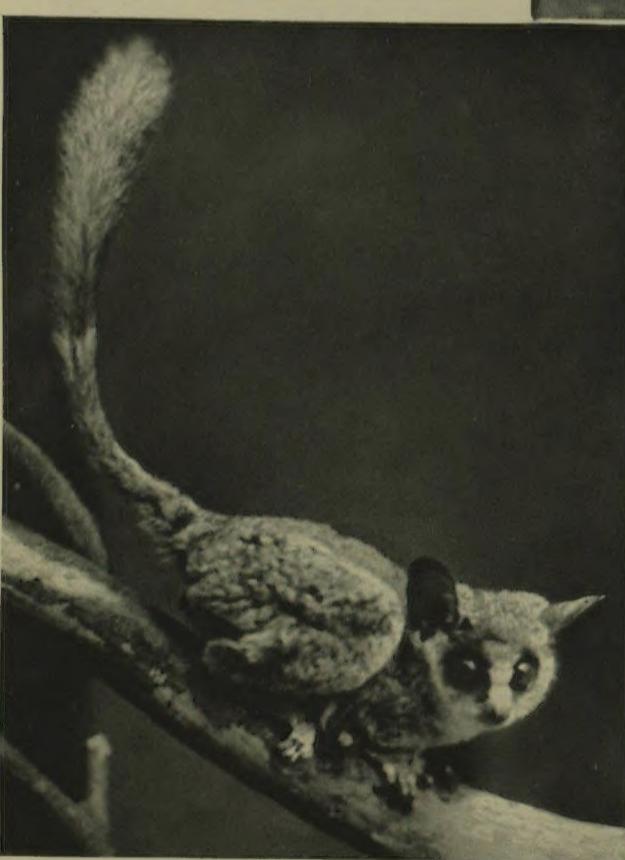
I. UNLIKE ALL THE OTHER LEMURS IN NOT BEING A FOREST-DWELLING SPECIES, BUT LIVING AMONG ROCKS SO SMOOTH THAT A MAN, EVEN BAREFOOTED, WOULD BE UNABLE TO FOLLOW IT: THE RING-TAILED LEMUR OF MADAGASCAR—NO OTHER MAMMAL HAS TAIL-RINGS SO SHARPLY DEFINED.

is due to the leather-like texture of the soles of the feet. But the most distinctive feature of this animal is its long tail, ringed alternately with black and white. So far, no explanation has been offered to account for such conspicuous markings, which recall the rings on the tail of so many carnivores, especially the raccoon. When the animal is sleeping, it is curled round the body for warmth. No other lemur has a tail thus marked.

The coloration of lemurs, indeed, presents some noteworthy features. The ruffed-lemur, for example, is white, with great patches of black asymmetrically distributed over the body, and thus not forming

a distinct symmetrical pattern. But more than this, specimens are sometimes found of a bright rufous red, and with black under-parts. So far no explanation of this variability has been found.

There are several small species known as "mouse-lemurs," which have the curious habit of undergoing a "summer sleep"—estivation—during which they pass the hot season. And to this end they accumulate a mass of fat around the base of the tail, and, like our dormouse—



2. POSSESSING PECULIARLY SOFT AND WOOLLY FUR AND NOCTURNAL IN ITS HABITS, AS INDICATED BY THE CONSPICUOUSLY LARGE EYES: THE MAHOLI GALAGO, OR "BUSH BABY", ONE OF SEVERAL SPECIES FORMING A GROUP BY THEMSELVES.

of climate, as some would have us believe, but in the course of their pursuit of food and consequent changes of diet inseparable from widely sundered areas of the earth's surface.

Let me now take a few types of lemurs living to-day by way of illustrating the diversity of form which slow adjustment to special kinds of food has brought about. The ring-tailed lemur (*Lemur catta*) (Fig. 1), sometimes called the "Madagascar cat"—though not even remotely



3. REMARKABLE FOR ITS SLUGGISH HABITS AND THE STRANGE POSTURE ASSUMED WHEN RESTING OR SLEEPING: THE SLOW LORIS (*NYCTICEBUS*), WHOSE CURIOUS MODE OF LIFE HAS REDUCED THE INDEX, OR FIRST, FINGER, TO A MERE VESTIGE.—[Photographs by D. Seth-Smith.]

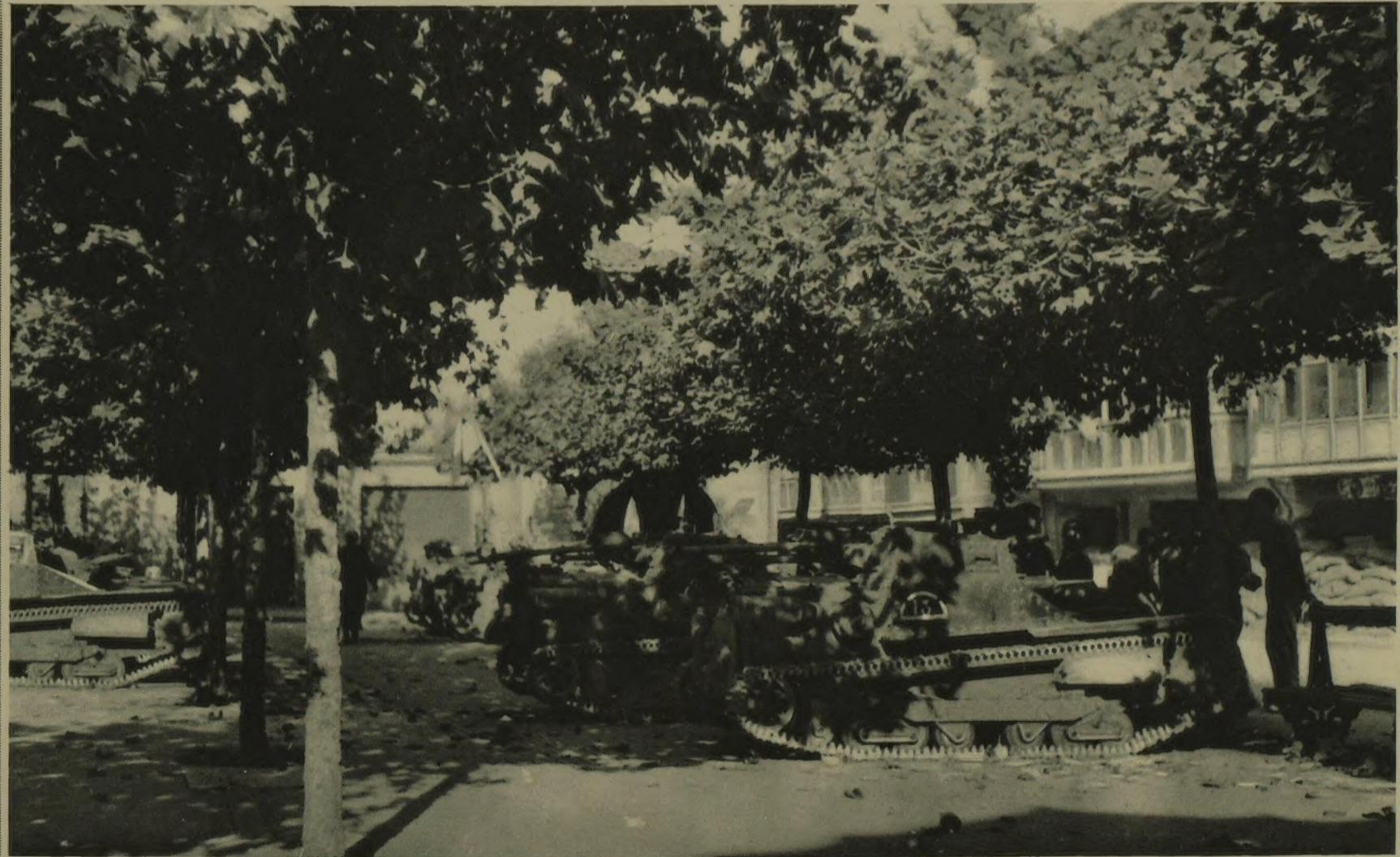
But after a short space the meshes of the network draw together again, merging to complete the normal form and course of the artery. The effect of this network is to slow down the speed of the blood stream in the region beyond the network and so, probably, prevent congestion in the hands and feet.

As an illustration of divergences of structure brought about by slow changes of habits, the lemurs are peculiarly instructive.

THE CHIEF BASQUE ARMS-PRODUCING TOWN FALLS: REINOSA OCCUPIED.



THE CAPTURE OF REINOSA, THE BASQUES' MOST IMPORTANT ARMS-MANUFACTURING TOWN IN SANTANDER PROVINCE, WHICH FELL, AFTER SLIGHT RESISTANCE, DURING THE NATIONALISTS' ADVANCE ON SANTANDER: GENERAL FRANCO'S SOLDIERS STOPPING A CAR WHILE PATROLLING THE, APPARENTLY, LITTLE DAMAGED STREETS OF THE TOWN.



WHERE FORTY HEAVY GUNS WERE FOUND NEARING COMPLETION IN THE NAVAL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S FACTORY, WHICH WAS LEFT PRACTICALLY UNTOUCHED: NATIONALIST LIGHT TANKS CONCEALED FROM AIRCRAFT UNDER TREES IN REINOSA AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY GENERAL FRANCO'S FORCES; WITH (ON THE RIGHT) A SAND-BAG BARRICADE.

General Franco's advance on Santander began with attacks delivered on Reinosa and Puerto del Escudo. The Nationalists met with little resistance and on August 16 these two towns fell within half an hour of each other. Reinosa is the most important arms-manufacturing town in Santander Province which the Basques possessed and, when the town was occupied, forty heavy guns w

found nearing completion at the Naval Construction Company's factory. The town was abandoned so hurriedly that little damage had been done to the plant. The Nationalists owed not a little of their success to their superior mobility and their light tanks played a prominent part in the operations by taking many of the Government positions in the rear. Many prisoners have been captured.

MA YA NGAN AND FU LEI-MING.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"FORBIDDEN JOURNEY—FROM PEKING TO KASHMIR": By ELLA K. MAILLART.*

(PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.)

AS I begin to write this Appreciation, Sinkiang—that is to say, Chinese Turkestan—is again a name recalled by a news column: this, despite the call for space consequent on the tragic happenings at Shanghai and the grave international problems associated with them. A correspondent of *The Times* has just informed its readers that scanty advices from the turbulent province indicate



"THE EXPEDITION BREAKS UP":
MISS ELLA K. MAILLART (MA YA NGAN)
AND MR. PETER FLEMING (FU LEI-MING)
AT DELHI.

All Illustrations Reproduced from "Forbidden Journey" by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers.

a change in the *status quo* which has existed there since the cessation of the 1934-35 civil war. "Recent developments . . . have resulted in a strengthening and extension of the Tungan position at the expense of the Russian-inspired Provincial Government." General Ma Ho-san, the Tungan Commander-in-Chief, is in Kashgar, and his troops dominate Yarkand.

That gives unanticipated topicality to "Forbidden Journey," the distaff record of the Peter Fleming-Ella Maillart (or Ella Maillart - Peter Fleming) "roundabout" adventure from Peking, over tracks that were tabu, to Kashmir, described in Fleming's book of the trek, "News from Tartary." The point must be made, but it is of little consequence. None can foresee what will happen in an irrational country with a saying: "Mr. Perhaps has married Mrs. Quietly, and their child's name is 'T will Do'; and Miss Maillart—Swiss, representing *Le Petit Parisien*, as Mr. Fleming, English, was representing *The Times*—wisely restricts her notes and opinions on matters historical and political, permitting publicity only to those calculated to clarify her narrative and to indicate why travel was hazardous; uncertain enough for the contents of her "canteen" box to contain, among other riches, "two typewriters which we had brought specially in case we had to face the tedium of prison."

The travellers were spared this; but Miss Maillart feels it in her to complain of monotony while on the march. The reader will wonder why; for trials, discoveries, and tribulations were superimposed on such triumphs as could be gained.

And there was much to be seen. Leaving out the recurring fear that passports would be refused or, if received, questioned and confiscated, particularly if mysterious, masked Sinkiang figured among the visés, the weariness of slow advance by train, lorry, mule, donkey, camel, or on foot, the attentions of the soldier's most intimate creeping and leaping enemies, dirt and diseases so "unmentionable" that they are sickening, heat and cold and hunger, unfriendly roads, sand and dust, that fatigue which makes a weary wriggle into a sleeping-bag "an imperfect day, and such a chance as being a playground" for the genus *Bufo* ("for anyone who did not mind being turned into a jumping ground by the most charming little toads it would have been a good night"), few could argue that the long trail was not well worth taking, especially in

these days of continental cravings. "Japan, crazy for the dismemberment of China, is master in Manchukuo. The U.S.S.R. controls Outer Mongolia. Outer Tibet is under British protection and Yunnan is in a zone of French influence. Inside this ring the still nominally Chinese territories of Inner Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Inner Tibet are torn between revolts and the greed of their neighbours."

Interest began in Peking—in January 1935. Equipment was acquired there, including presents for tribal chiefs, the necessary elaborate visiting cards without which face is lost, and menthol crystals for placing in the nostrils of camels or horses to revive them and help their breathing when distressed at great heights!

Then train to Chengchow, with third-class to Tungkuan—because a connection had been missed and Fleming *must* ever go on without delay—and Sian, where the railway line ends in fields outside the town gate and on the other side of that gate are more fields and waste ground! By that time the wanderers had new names: Ella Maillart was Ma Ya Ngan (International Peace Horse); Peter Fleming was Fu Lei-ming.

Thence to the Middle Ages, even the Bronze Age. Space permits me but a few references to characters and characteristics calculated to draw the attention to a volume that is as engrossing and as informative as it is individual.

Still ignoring polities and armed might, let us turn to "sights." At Sian, "the capital during the Han and Tang periods, and a cross-roads where all religions meet," is China's oldest mosque. "The floor of the great praying hall is blackened where the foreheads of generations have touched the earth"; at Chengchow is a "European" church built by a Norwegian missionary. ("The Chinese do not look with a favourable eye on these spires that transpierce the good spirits and prevent them

by marvellous mares that were capable of covering a distance of a thousand *li* a day"; and a *li* equals about a third of a mile, varying according to the accepted length of a Ch'ih, which may be anything from 11 to 15·8 inches! Then the Tsaidam plateau; salt-saturated Dzun; the desert-land where the heat became so great that the Tungans of the caravan protected their lower lips with pieces of paper and were forced to be content to look like clowns; Turkestan proper; Issik Pakte; the Tarim basin; the oasis of Cherchen and the first Sinkiang community; Keriya; Khotan, the very disappointing capital of Tungaria, where they were making bank-notes for the Republic. At the Mint, "squatting youths were arranging them in bundles of a hundred. Inside, behind the paper windows, in rooms where the atmosphere was alcoholic with the exhalations from the colours, men went on indefatigably printing notes on mulberry-bark paper with blue, black, red, and green stamps. The director told us they had been turning out some thirty thousand a day for a year past; but he added that it was not enough; they needed as many more again. . . . In the heart of Asia, even, inflation had appeared and its whole train of consequences as well."

So to Kashgar, the comforts of the British Consulate, and a banquet at which most of the guests had a numerous bodyguard, diplomatic speeches were the order of the night, and there was a plenitude of fine fare. Lastly, India, by way of Tashkurgan. "Four countries almost touched each other at Tashkurgan, China, India, Afghanistan, and Russia. The frontiers were marked out in 1905 by an international commission delegated to solve the problem of the 'incidents' that frequently occurred. It was then that the narrow territory of Wakhan was given to Afghanistan, so that Russia and India should not adjoin."

The while, as I have indicated, most of the vicissitudes of sojourners in the unknown; days of hope and of despair, hunger and thirst, boredom, weariness of the flesh and of the mind; distressing doctoring: trading the unwanted and essential; Nature the fitful, smiling or sullen; Man, the potential enemy and, at times, the unfailing friend; Man, fearful of strangers who might see too much, unwilling to aid and cheater at trade, evil-smelling and evilly inclined; Man welcoming with open arms and houses, especially missionaries, and, as noted, officialdom headed by the British Consul-General at Kashgar and his Staff, and comprising such courteous "white beards," with British Consular authority, as the aksakal of Cherchen, who was an Indian, did not know English, and, "like the rest of his rare compatriots in the region, . . . wore the English flag on his coat."

But I had forgotten. Many will appreciate references to the Aga Khan. The scene is Baltit. On the wall of a room in the Mir's castle is the genealogy of the Aga Khan. "The Mir's three-years-old son, Shah Khan, had an enamel brooch reproducing the portrait of the Aga Khan, fixed amongst triangular amulets, in his cap. Every two years caravans still go as far as Bombay bearing tributes of gold for the Aga from the faithful." On the chimneypiece in the Mir's dining-room were "signed photographs of Lords



PAPER MONEY FOR THE TUNGAN REPUBLIC: BANK-NOTES BEING ARRANGED IN HUNDREDS OUTSIDE THE MINT AT KOTAN, CAPITAL OF TUNGARIA.

from descending to earth."); at Kumbum, the biggest monastery of the Amido region, in the holiest of the pagodas, "some ten of the faithful—skirted lamas and simple pilgrims—were there, throwing themselves down on their stomachs, rising to their knees, standing up, kneeling and throwing themselves on their stomachs again. This ritual, during which the hands are covered with felt pads so that the palms may slide easily along the wood, has been observed for so many centuries that the polished floor is hollowed with deep grooves."

As interlude, during the approach to Koko Nor, the shooting by Peter of a bird that might well have been sacred; and a decision not to make an offering to the Prince of Dzun: "When they go shooting, Mongols never fire at a beast if it be amongst its fellows. It might be a sacred animal. But if it be alone, there is no need for scruples, for an animal in which a reincarnated spirit is housed is never abandoned by its followers."

Curious and curious—the frozen holy waters of Lake Koko Nor. "It is less than 120 feet deep, but it is ten times as big as Lake Leman, a real sea without any outlet, and famed as a place whose



A "MAYOR" WITH BRITISH CONSULAR RIGHTS WEARING A UNION JACK: AN AKSAKAL AND HIS BADGE OF OFFICE.

Curzon and Kitchener, and chromolithographs of the Sacred Heart and the Aga Khan."

But I must pick no more plums, though they are in hundreds. Let it suffice to say that "Forbidden Journey" is one of those true travel books which are the best of travelling companions.

E. H. G.

MADRID'S SLOW AGONY: SCENES IN THE BOMBARDED CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAREL BLAZER. COPYRIGHT ASSOCIATED CORRESPONDENTS.



IN WAR-SHATTERED MADRID: THE FAMOUS FOUNTAIN OF CYBELE, ON THE PLAZA DE CASTELAR, WELL KNOWN TO TOURISTS, BEING PROTECTED FROM BOMBARDMENT BY BRICKWORK.



THE MADRID TELEPHONE EXCHANGE: A HUGE BUILDING WHICH DOMINATES THE MADRID SKYLINE AND FORMS AN ADMIRABLE MARK FOR ARTILLERY, BUT DOES NOT SEEM TO HAVE SUFFERED SEVERELY.



AFTER A SHELL HAD STRUCK AN HOTEL: A VIEW OF MADRID FROM THE WRECKED TOP FLOOR, ACROSS ROOFS WHOSE STATE, AFTER NINE MONTHS' BOMBARDMENT, IS HARDLY A CREDIT TO THE INSURGENT ARTILLERY.

It appears that determined efforts are now being made by the Spanish Government authorities to evacuate non-combatants remaining in Madrid. It is estimated that some 5000 women and children have been killed there in the past year. The shortage of food and bad conditions generally have proved especially hard on children. Milk is said to be practically unobtainable. There

is also the danger of epidemics brought on by the hot summer weather. Accordingly, the Civil Governor of Madrid announced recently that civilians who are not engaged in war industries or work of recognised public importance will be obliged to leave. General Miaja, who is in command at Madrid, aims at having the city free for the defenders. The British Consulate is assisting the refugees.

THE FIERCE SINO-JAPANESE FIGHTING IN TIENSIN:



HOW CIVILIAN PROPERTY SUFFERED IN THE SINO-JAPANESE FIGHTING AT TIENSIN: A HOLE BLOWN IN THE WALL OF THE TIENSIN COUNTRY CLUB, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.



IN TIENSIN AFTER THE FIGHTING: A TELEPHONE EXCHANGE BUILDING WITH ITS ROOF STRIPPED OF TILES; AND BARBED-WIRE BARRICADES IN THE STREETS.



BRITISH PRECAUTIONS AT TIENSIN WHEN THE JAPANESE WERE DRIVING OUT THE CHINESE DEFENDERS: A SENTRY BEHIND A MOBILE BARRIER AT THE EDGE OF THE BRITISH CONCESSION.



ITALIAN PRECAUTIONS AT TIENSIN: AN ARMoured CAR AND MEN IN STEEL HELMETS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THEIR CONCESSION; WITH "KNIFE-REST" BARRICADES.

Japanese control of Northern China was made complete on August 19, when the Hopei-Chahar Political Council was suspended. This severed the last administrative link of the Peking-Tientsin area with Nanking. An important step in the establishment of Japanese domination was the occupation of



FRENCH PRECAUTIONS AT TIENSIN: MANNING A MACHINE-GUN POST IN A SANDBAG WORK DEFENDING THEIR CONCESSION.

Tientsin at the end of July. This was not accomplished without some savage fighting, of which we gave some preliminary illustrations in our last issue. The fighting in Tientsin began with intense rifle and machine-gun fire, and ended with the Japanese shelling and bombing six points that were being

INTERNATIONAL PRECAUTIONS, JAPANESE OPERATIONS.



THE JAPANESE IN ACTION AT TIENSIN: INFANTRY AND LIGHT ARTILLERY ON THE EDGE OF THE JAPANESE CONCESSION, WHERE A CHINESE ATTACK WAS REPULSED.



THE JAPANESE IN TIENSIN: A SENTRY NEAR THE EAST STATION ON DUTY BEHIND AN ELECTRIFIED BARBED-WIRE BARRICADE.



A JAPANESE POST, NEAR THE EAST STATION, TIENSIN—WHERE VERY HEAVY FIGHTING OCCURRED: RIFLEMEN MANNING A HIGH BREASTWORK OF SANDBAGS; AND A LIGHT MACHINE-GUN BEING OPERATED THROUGH A LOOPOLE.

used by Chinese troops as bases, including the City Hall, the East Station, and the Asiatic Petroleum Company's (Shell) premises. The Chinese were finally driven out or overcome, the remnants of their forces retreating southwards. Chinese Central Government Divisions which are reported to have

been sent north would appear to be concentrating far inland, to the west of Peking. Fighting has been going on near the Nankow Pass, and the Chinese claim to have resisted Japanese attacks. Some recent reports, however, mention the reappearance of parties of Chinese in the outskirts of Tientsin.

THE FIERCE SINO-JAPANESE FIGHTING IN TIENTSIN: BOMBARDMENTS, AND ESCAPING CHINESE AUXILIARIES.

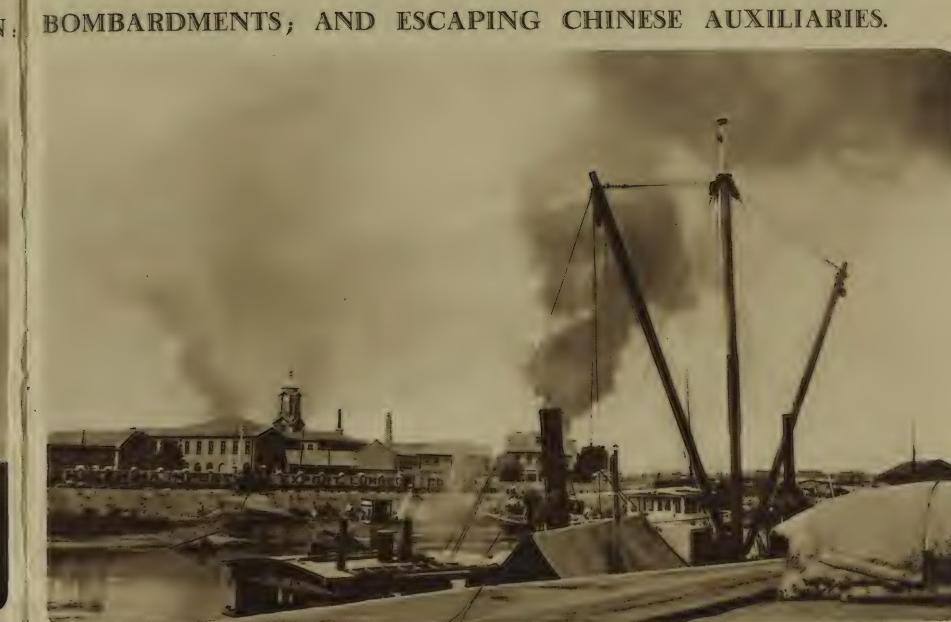


THE GREAT FIRE AT NANKAI UNIVERSITY—ONE OF THE MOST DISASTROUS RESULTS OF THE ONE-DAY "SIEGE OF TIENTSIN," WHEN THE JAPANESE RESORTED TO SEVERE AERIAL AND ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENTS: COLUMNS OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE RUINS OF THE BUILDINGS, ABOUT A MILE FROM THE BRITISH CONCESSION.



PRECAUTIONS AT THE BRITISH CONCESSION IN TIENTSIN: A ROAD CLOSED BY A BARBED-WIRE BARRIER DESIGNED TO CHECK RUSHES OF REFUGEES, WHO ARE SEEN WAITING THEIR TURN TO ENTER.

As noted under the photographs on the preceding double-page, the Japanese took over Tientsin only after severe fighting, in the course of which great destruction was caused by air raids and bombardment. The actual "siege



THE JAPANESE BOMBARDMENT OF TIENTSIN: A VIEW SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE TOWER OF THE CENTRAL POST OFFICE, WHERE THERE WAS HEAVY FIGHTING; AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) SMOKE RISING FROM THE GOODS YARDS OF THE EAST STATION, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE CENTRES OF CHINESE RESISTANCE.



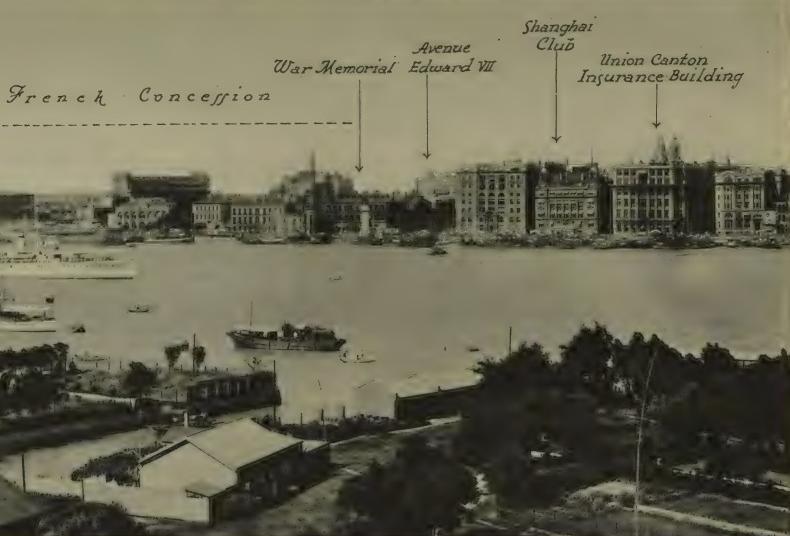
WHEN CHINESE RESISTANCE WAS EBBING: ESCAPING MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE "PEACE PRESERVATION CORPS," A BODY WHICH DID MUCH TO HOLD UP THE JAPANESE, WHO SINGLED OUT THEIR HEADQUARTERS FOR BOMBARDMENT, HANDING OVER THEIR ARMS BEFORE ENTERING THE FRENCH CONCESSION.

residents began to return to their homes. More recent reports, however, suggest that all is not going in accordance with Japanese plans in North China. The movement of heavy reinforcements to Tientsin, brought over

from Japan in fifty transports, and a stream of reinforcements flowing in by rail from Shantung, on the Manchukuo-North China border, would seem to indicate that serious resistance is being met with.

SHANGHAI—WHERE WAR THREATENS £180,000,000 OF BRITISH

INTERESTS; A PANORAMA OF THE BUND, AND RUINED HONGKEW.



THE WATERFRONT AT SHANGHAI, WHERE GREAT BRITISH AND EUROPEAN INTERESTS ARE THREATENED BY THE SINO-BRITISH CONFLICT. (ABOVE) THE FRENCH CONCESSION NORTHWARDS, AND (BELOW) THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE BUND.

We reproduce here a comprehensive and up-to-date panorama of the waterfront of the International Settlement at Shanghai, showing a number of buildings and localities that have already figured in recent reports reaching this country. It has been used for the registration and marshalling of British subjects, principally women and children, who were anxious to leave Shanghai. On the right of the Club is a row of buildings occupied by great firms, facing the Bund. This promenade, usually thronged, has, according to the latest reports, been closed to pedestrians on account of the persistent rifle and machine-gun fire. The Palace Hotel and the Cathay Hotel face each other

planes on August 14 fell a considerable distance away from the river front. The Shanghai Club has occupied a considerable place in recent reports reaching this country. It has been used for the registration and marshalling of British subjects, principally women and children, who were anxious to leave Shanghai. On the right of the Club is a row of buildings occupied by great firms, facing the Bund. This promenade, usually thronged, has, according to the latest reports, been closed to pedestrians on account of the persistent rifle and machine-gun fire. The Palace Hotel and the Cathay Hotel face each other

JAPANESE FIGHTING: A PANORAMA SHOWING (ABOVE) THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE BUND—WITH ITS MANY IMPORTANT BUILDINGS—AND THE WATERFRONT OF HONGKEW, A QUARTER WHERE BITTER FIGHTING HAS BEEN GOING ON.

Greek is Hongkew, a part of the International Settlement largely occupied by Japanese. It has been the scene of constant fighting between Japanese Marines and Chinese troops. The Japanese Consulate has been the object of several Chinese air attacks. In the foreground of the panorama is seen the waterfront of Foochow, from which the Chinese have shelled the Japanese warships and their positions in Hongkew. Japanese bombardments started numerous big fires here. There are large British interests in this district; while total British interests in Shanghai are estimated at £180,000,000.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

To the object-lessons on the destructive power of modern air-bombs provided by the civil war in Spain has now been added the recent experience of Shanghai. Thus the generation whose memory does not go back to 1914-18 is fully instructed on this matter, and knows what to expect if another general upheaval should occur in Europe and elsewhere. The world has had its warning.

Twenty-three years ago, of course, military aviation was more or less in its infancy and feeling its wings for the first time. It had not reached the present stage of development, either in bombs or aeroplanes. Its most intensive period in those days is officially recorded in "THE WAR IN THE AIR." Being the Story of the part played in the Great War by the Royal Air Force. With "Appendices" in separate volume. Vol. VI. By H. A. Jones. With twenty-three Maps (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 25s. the two volumes). This is the final volume in that section of the Official History of the War which relates to the air, and, with its five predecessors, will occupy a paramount place in the literature of aerial fighting. The author is to be congratulated in thus bringing his labours to a successful conclusion, as well as on the skill with which he sustains the interest over so vast a field. For Service readers and historical students the excellent maps will enhance the value of the work. The present volume covers the last two years of the war, though there are many allusions to previous stages. Explaining its scope, the author writes: "The story of the war operations and developments of the air services is brought to a close by narratives dealing with the events leading to the creation of the Royal Air Force; with supply and man-power problems; the genesis and work of the Independent Force; the campaigns in 1918 in Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and Syria; in Mesopotamia, Persia and Russian Azerbaijan, in Macedonia and in Italy; with air action in India; with naval aircraft co-operation in 1918 in home waters and in the Mediterranean; and with the Allied offensives on the Western front."

This bare outline of the book's contents hardly conveys its immense variety of scene and incident. Among the most impressive passages, both as indicating the vital importance of air power and its vast capabilities of destruction, is the following: "The German Armies," we read, "had created by their deep advance in March and April, 1918, a situation which was so favourable for air action that the German air service, had it been strong enough to take advantage of the situation, might possibly have changed the course of the war. Happily for the Allied cause, the German air service was far too weak, comparatively, to do any such thing, but the damage which it was able to inflict was sufficiently serious." Describing German bombing attacks on an Ordnance Depot at Blarges, the writer continues: "Throughout the 21st of May the explosions in the depot continued, and when at last they came to an end it was found that 6000 tons of ammunition out of an original total of 27,000 tons had been destroyed, with many buildings. . . . Next night, the 21st-22nd of May, the bombers turned their attention to No. 20 Ordnance Depot at Saigneville, where 40,000 tons of ammunition were stored. . . . 5000 tons of ammunition were destroyed, including the whole stock of 69,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition. On the 18th and 19th of May a dump containing 1000 tons of shells had been blown up at Campagne in the Second Army area, so that during four successive nights the enemy bombing pilots destroyed a total of 12,500 tons of ammunition."

After examining a voluminous historical work, it is rather a shock to come across a writer who apparently does not believe in history. Scepticism of this kind is expressed by the compiler of "VAIN GLORY." A Miscellany of the Great War, 1914-1918, written by those who fought in it on each side and on all fronts. Edited with an Introduction by Guy Chapman, O.B.E., M.C. (Cassell; 8s. 6d.). "This book," writes the compiler, "is not an anthology of literature. It is an attempt to display the war of

1914-18 through the eyes of those who took an active part in it. You may ask, 'Has it not been done truthfully by hundreds of historians?' The answer is, 'No.' There is no truth about the war; and the best that historians can do is to give certain aspects of its strategy and tactics, raw material supply, organisation of the civil population, financial measures, etc. And even then they are hard put to it to sift the true from the false. Oral evidence is frequently evasive. Written evidence is sometimes worse. The nearest contacts with truth are the accounts of eye-witnesses of incidents from which a general picture can be built up. That is all this book tries to present, a general picture."

It might be argued that to "build up a general picture" from a variety of sources is exactly what historians do. Mr. Chapman appears to think that only the sources themselves in their original form are of any value. To present them *in toto*, however, would result in an enormous and bewildering mass of matter, altogether too much for the ordinary reader's digestion. He needs some form of fusion or abridgment. While admitting the value of selections,

By P. V. H.
Weems,
Lieut.-Com., United States Navy, Retired. Edited by Arthur J. Hughes, O.B.E., and P. F. Everitt, B.Sc., F.Inst.P. (McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Ltd.; 30s.). The book is illustrated by 238 diagrams and photographs and maps, and contains a pocket folder, having on one side a star chart and on the other a map of the Ellsworth Antarctic flight. Explaining the scope of his work, the author writes: "This book is designed to cover the entire field of Air Navigation for the civil aviator. Special attention is given to radio, celestial navigation and meteorology. . . . No special effort is made to meet any examination requirements. The purpose of the book is rather to present in an orderly manner the latest and best methods of navigation, omitting useless material and reducing the space allotted to the less essential items. . . . The conception of this British Empire edition arose from the conviction that the methods of navigation in England and America should be combined into a standard work on Air Navigation."

The tragic ordeal of Madrid under bombardment from the air is powerfully described, among other aspects of the conflict, in "THE WAR IN SPAIN." A Personal Narrative by Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. With nineteen Illustrations (Faber; 12s. 6d.). This is one of the most impressive books that have appeared on the Government side, and the circumstances in which the author's wife and brother were executed sufficiently explain the bitterness of his allusions to Nationalist "terrorism." From other sources one gathers that there have been atrocities on both sides, and that the relentless process of reprisals moves in a vicious circle. According to this author, however, the chief blame rests with the rebels. Thus in one passage he writes: "The Fascists have murdered more than 700,000. Others have died on the front and four per cent. have been shot by us. A million dead. Who among the Fascists can speak of triumph after that?"

Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell introduces the author as "the most distinguished of living Spanish writers," and gives some details of his career. Señor Sender, we learn, comes of a Catholic and Conservative family in Aragon. As a law student in Madrid he joined the agitation against the Dictator, Primo de Rivera. After military service in Morocco, he returned to Madrid to work as a journalist and author. From liberalism his politics moved further towards the Left, until eventually he decided to fight in the Republican cause. "The whole of the book," writes Sir Peter, "is a narrative of his personal experiences, at the fronts and behind them. When the end has been reached it may be possible for some laborious historian, sifting information from many sources, to give some sort of coherent picture of the whole scene. Sender has done less and better. His is a personal narrative of what he saw with his own eyes. It is the work of a great writer, a

WINTERHALTER'S LONG-LOST PORTRAIT OF LISZT COMES TO LIGHT: THE PAINTING, WHICH WAS ONCE IN THE POSSESSION OF LISZT'S MISTRESS, DISCOVERED BY A FRENCH COLLECTOR.

It was learned recently that M. Pierre Borel, an art collector of Nice, had discovered a fine portrait of Liszt by Winterhalter. This had belonged to Liszt's mistress, Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, but when, after her death in Rome, the books and portraits of Liszt were placed in the Liszt Museum at Weimar, the portrait by Winterhalter was missing and it has been looked for ever since. We reproduce it here by courtesy of M. Pierre Borel.

Mr. Chapman would seem to condemn any kind of condensation. Whether we accept his argument or not, his own selections are certainly of great interest. To indicate more specifically their scope and contents, he says: "I have tried to range as widely as possible, and to choose my passages from less-known sources. Everyone who may read this book should know his Blunden, his Manning, his Sassoon, and his Lawrence; and these have been sparingly used. Few, however, remember such things as Captain Markham Carter's evidence before the Mesopotamia Commission; or the Wittenburg Report. Novels have not been eschewed. Many so-called works of fiction are direct experience, sometimes quite obviously so, which uses this form for a deliberate reason. . . . The following collection . . . is a series of aspects of the war, scenes, incidents, declarations, actualities, an embryo case-book, but not what passes for history."

Anglo-American co-operation in an important branch of aeronautical science is recommended in a book which looks likely to be both useful and welcome to our airmen, namely, "AIR NAVIGATION." British Empire Edition.

poet and psychologist who is a man of extreme personal bravery and a passionate admirer of a people fighting for bread and freedom and in defence of the liberties they thought they had won by peaceful democratic means." Among the illustrations is a photograph taken at Alcalá de Henares, showing the font in which Cervantes was baptised, "destroyed by the Enemy Aviation."

One would not have thought it possible to extract any humour out of things Spanish in these days, but that feat is accomplished in "HOTEL IN SPAIN." By Nancy J. Johnstone (Faber; 8s. 6d.). The author and her husband are a lively British couple who, some three years ago, abandoned Fleet Street and journalism to "run a pub" on the Costa da Braga, near Barcelona, at a charming little seaside place called Tossa. Most of the book relates to the inception of this enterprise and contains amusing character studies of inhabitants and visitors. It is only towards the end that mine host and hostess begin to feel the impact of war, and even then they did not take the trouble very seriously. Tossa is described as "a completely unimportant village" at the most difficult point

[Continued on page 372.]



AN INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT TRAGEDY: THE SINCERE STORE HIT.



THE SINCERE STORE, SHANGHAI, WHERE A SHELL, OR BOMB, EXPLOSION CAUSED TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE: THE HUGE CHINESE SHOPPING CENTRE ON THE NANKING ROAD, WHERE THE PAVEMENTS WERE PACKED AT THE TIME OF THE DISASTER.

There was another terrible tragedy in the International Settlement at Shanghai on August 23, when the great Sincere store, standing at the corner of the Nanking and Chekiang cross-roads—one of the most thronged shopping centres in the city—was hit by a heavy explosive missile. As we go to press, some doubt exists as to whether this was a stray shell or a bomb; but it is worth noting that another missile, pronounced to be a bomb, fell on a building on

the Kiangse Road, at about the same time, but fortunately did not explode. At the Sincere store a tremendous explosion swept the crowded streets and turned the lower floors of the building into a shambles. It is estimated that between 100 and 200 people were killed and about the same number injured. The Sincere store is an Australian Chinese concern and is British registered. The Wing On store across the Nanking Road was also severely damaged.

NEWS FROM EUROPE AND ASIA: NOTEWORTHY EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



LAUNCHING ITALY'S SECOND 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP, WHICH IS HEAVIER AND FASTER THAN H.M.S. "RODNEY": THE "LITTORIO" ENTERING THE WATER AFTER A TWO HOURS' DELAY.
The "Littorio," a sister-ship of the "Vittorio Veneto" (launched at Trieste on July 25), was named at Genoa by a naval artisan's wife, in the presence of the King of Italy and Signor Mussolini, on August 22; and, after a delay of two hours, was successfully launched. These two battleships are the most powerful afloat, being 1100 tons heavier and seven knots faster than the "Rodney." The Italian Navy now possesses six battleships, four of which—the "Cavour," the "Césare," the "Doria" and the "Duilio"—have been modernised.



GUTTED BY A FIRE CAUSED BY A SHORT CIRCUIT IN THE EMERGENCY ELECTRICAL PLANT: A VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE BOULOGNE CASINO.

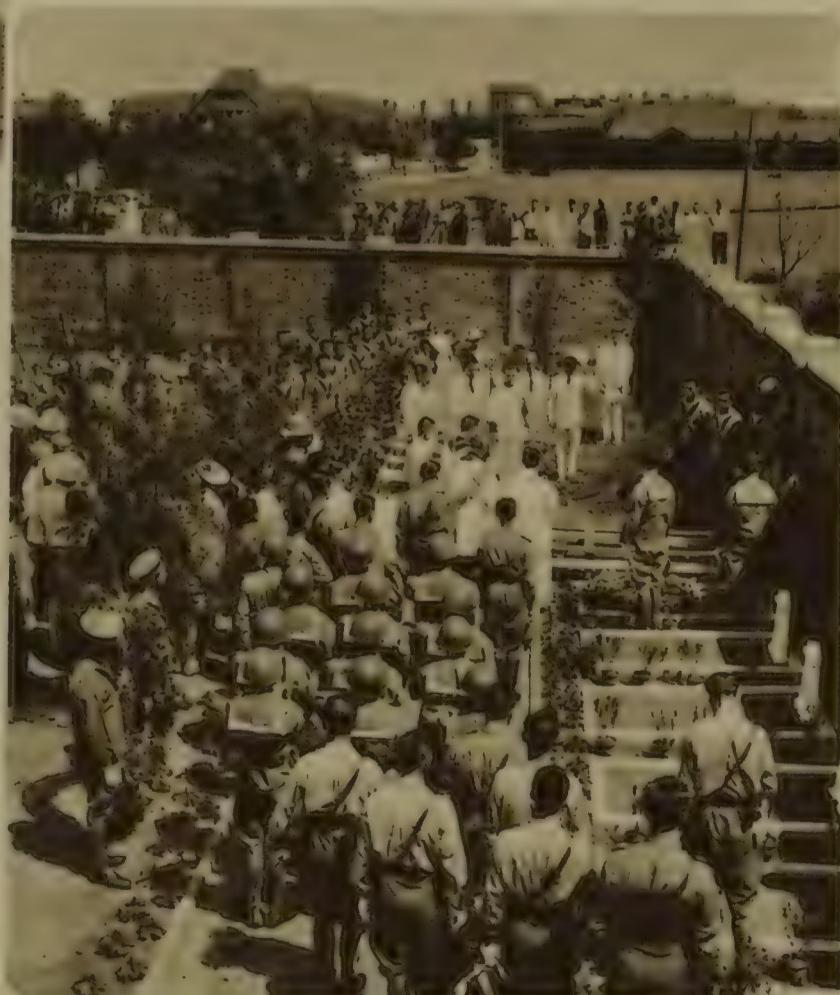
At about midnight on Saturday, August 21, the electric current in Boulogne-sur-Mer failed and the emergency plant in the basement of the Casino was used. This short-circuited and fire immediately broke out in the crowded theatre and ballroom. Attempts to extinguish it failed, but, fortunately, there was no panic and everyone left the building without injury. The whole of the main building was gutted and the damage is thought to amount to some £154,000. All the pictures in the Art Exhibition on the first floor were destroyed.



STRUCK BY AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL, WHICH KILLED A SAILOR, WHILE LYING IN THE WHANGPOO RIVER: THE "AUGUSTA," FLAGSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES ASIATIC FLEET.
While the "Augusta" was lying at anchor, off the Shanghai Club, in the middle of the Whangpoo River on August 20, a shell from an anti-aircraft gun fell on the well-deck, where members of the crew had assembled to see a cinema performance. It burst on impact, killing one sailor and wounding eighteen others. The United States Government regarded the incident as being purely accidental. The "Augusta" is a heavy cruiser armed with nine 6in. guns and four 5in. A.A. guns; and she has a complement of 611.



ATTEMPTING TO BREAK THE WORLD'S WATER-SPEED RECORD AT PRESENT HELD BY MR. GAR WOOD: SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL TESTING HIS SPEEDBOAT "BLUEBIRD."
At the moment of writing Sir Malcolm Campbell is about to attempt to break the world's water-speed record of 124·8 m.p.h., at present held by Mr. Gar Wood, of the United States, with his speedboat "Bluebird," on Lake Maggiore. On August 21 he failed owing to the water-cooling system of his craft being inadequate at the speed attained and the "Bluebird" came to a stop some fifty yards short of the end of the measured mile on the first run. This trouble is being rectified and Sir Malcolm Campbell will then try again.



A VICTIM OF A STRAY SHOT WHILE GUARDING ITALIAN LIVES AND PROPERTY: THE FUNERAL OF AN ITALIAN MARINE KILLED DURING THE FIGHTING IN TIENSIN.
One of the most regrettable features of the Sino-Japanese struggle is the way in which the nationals of other countries have lost their lives. At Tientsin an Italian marine was fatally hit by mischance; at Shanghai, the International Settlement has suffered and Europeans and Americans have been killed; a shell fell on an American ship killing a sailor. Such a situation could not have arisen if the plan to make the protection of Japanese nationals at Shanghai an international matter had been adopted by the contending parties.

PARACHUTING TO CREATE AIR-MINDEDNESS : A SPORTING "GAME" THAT ORIGINATED IN RUSSIA.



PARACHUTE-DESCENTS AS A NEW SENSATION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A BEGINNER HESITATING FOR A MOMENT BEFORE MAKING HIS FIRST JUMP FROM THE PLATFORM OF THE TOWER WITH THE PARACHUTE SUSPENDED ABOVE.



THE FIRST PHASE OF THE JUMP: THE PARACHUTIST SWINGS CLEAR OF THE PLATFORM AND HANGS SUSPENDED FROM HIS RIGID-RIMMED PARACHUTE FOR A MOMENT BEFORE BEING RELEASED FOR THE SLOW DESCENT.



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER PLATFORM OF THE PARACHUTIST AS HE SINKS SLOWLY TO EARTH, GRASPING THE HARNESS WITH BOTH HANDS, HIS DESCENT CONTROLLED, BOTH IN SPEED AND DIRECTION, BY MEANS OF A CABLE.



A SAFE LANDING: THE BEGINNER REMOVES HIS HARNESS AND, WHILE THE PARACHUTE IS REHOISTED, IS READY TO CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER AND MAKE A SECOND JUMP WITH GREATER CONFIDENCE.

The sport of parachute-jumping was first practised in Russia and was encouraged by the authorities as a means of making the nation air-minded. Towers were erected in the parks and thousands of jumps are made annually. In every case, however, the parachutes are "free"; that is to say, the descent is made as from an aeroplane and no cable is used to tether the parachute. Another method (illustrated in our issue of April 17 this year) is that by which the parachutist stands on a grating and is "blown" into the air to a height of some eighty-seven yards by means of powerful motors. In the Attractions Park at the Paris Exhibition is a tower akin

to that here seen, and from it visitors can make descents which are controlled by a cable which prevents the parachute drifting away among the spectators or making a bad landing. As the photographs above show, the sport has now spread to Czechoslovakia, where, in Prague, there is a huge tower constructed of steel scaffolding which enables it to be dismantled and quickly erected again somewhere else. At the top is a platform from which anyone can jump on paying a small fee. The parachutes are fixed on to a cross-shaped structure above the platform and released the moment the parachutist has jumped.

TENSE DAYS WHILE THE JAPANESE WERE SECURING PEKING; PROTECTING THE LEGATIONS; DEFEATED CHINESE TROOPS.



GUARDING THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING DURING THE SINO-JAPANESE CLASH IN THE NORTH; FRENCH TROOPS ENSURING THAT NO UNARMED CHINESE SHOULD ENTER THE INTERNATIONAL QUARTER OF THE CITY.



REFUGEES SEEKING SHELTER IN PEKING: COUNTRY PEOPLE AND THEIR CHILDREN SINKING IN THROUGH THE EAST GATE OF THE CITY WHILE THE FIGHTING WAS GOING ON IN THE DISTRICTS ROUND.



IN PEKING DURING THE TENSE DAYS AT THE END OF JULY: A FOREIGN FAMILY HURRYING TO SAFETY IN THE LEGATION QUARTER WHEN THERE SEEMED DANGER OF STREET FIGHTING.



DEFENSIVE MEASURES AT PEKING, WHICH, HOWEVER, WAS HANDED OVER TO THE JAPANESE WITHOUT FIGHTING: A GATE BARRICADED WITH BIG JARS FILLED WITH EARTH.



THE JAPANESE IN PEKING: SHOT WHILST CONFINED TO THEIR LEGATION: A GUARD ON SENTRY DUTY AT THE SANDBAGGED GATE OF THEIR LEGATION, WEARING "BULLET-PROOF" BODY ARMOUR.



SHELTERING FOREIGNERS WHO HAD TAKEN REFUGE IN THE LEGATION QUARTER: CHILDREN BY THE TENTS WHICH HOUSED THEM, IN THE GARDEN OF THE UNITED STATES SECTION.



BRITISH AND ITALIAN UNITS CO-OPERATE IN GUARDING THE LEGATION QUARTER AT PEKING: A BRITISH SOLDIER SIGNALLING A MESSAGE; AND AN ITALIAN MARINE ON THE LOOK-OUT.



FOREIGN PHILANTHROPY AFTER THE PEKING FIGHTING: A CAR, FLYING THE GERMAN FLAG, WITH A WOUNDED CHINAMAN TIED ON IN FRONT AND OTHERS IN THE LUGGAGE CASE AT THE BACK, ENTERS THE YONG TING MEN (SOUTHERN GATE) AFTER THREE HOURS' WAITING.



FOREIGN HELP FOR CHINESE WOUNDED AFTER THE SEVERE FIGHTING AT NANYUAN, WHERE THE JAPANESE ATTACKED THE CHINESE BARRACKS: A CAR, FLYING THE STARS AND STRIPES, WITH CHINESE WOUNDED CLINGING TO IT, ENTERS PEKING.



WITH THE HARD-FIGHTING CHINESE 29TH ARMY'S SOLDIERS RETREATING FROM PEKING; ONE WITH MACHINE-GUN BELTS OF CARTRIDGES SLUNG ABOUT HIM AND CARRYING A BIG SWORD ON HIS BACK.

The Sino-Japanese clashes in Northern China, at Waopinghsien and at Lukouchuan which precipitated the present crisis, were touched upon by us in our issues of July 31 and August 7. We here show events in the subsequent fighting, when the Japanese turned out the Chinese 29th Army and 19th Route Army and took over Peking. The 29th Army was caught at a great

disadvantage, all the senior officers being engaged in civil work and its units being scattered at numerous points under junior commanders, so that it could only make haphazard efforts. None the less, it fought with great bravery on several occasions and continued to attack in face of overwhelming Japanese superiority in artillery and aircraft. It is believed that 46,000 men of the

29th Army were engaged and suffered 15,000 casualties. The men of the 19th Route Army, who fought so gallantly at Shanghai in 1932, showed a similar spirit. One of the Japanese attacks on Chinese towns which resulted in very heavy fighting was that at Hsinkuang, near the Nanyuan barracks, south of Peking, on July 27. According to "The Times" correspondent, some attacks

took place before the expiry of a Japanese ultimatum for the withdrawal of Chinese troops. At Hsinkuang and Nanyuan the Chinese retreated, leaving over a thousand dead on the battlefield, and the Japanese suffered considerably. By the end of July General Sung Cheh-Yuan, the commander of the 29th Army, had retreated to Paoting. His 89th Brigade was disarmed.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. FRANK RAWLINSON.

Dr. Frank Rawlinson, a prominent American missionary, was one of those killed when the Avenue Edward VII, in the International Settlement, Shanghai, was bombed on August 14. His body was found in a shattered motor-car.



PROF. ROBERT REISCHAUER.

Dr. Reischauer, Professor of Foreign Relations at Princeton University, was among those killed when bombs fell on the Nanking Road between the Cathay and the Palace Hotels in the International Settlement, Shanghai, on August 14.



COLONEL A. W. GOODMAN, M.P.

M.P. (Unionist), North Islington from 1931. Died August 22. Born in Melbourne, Australia, 1880. Spent twenty years in India; and came to England after the war. Contested the Bow and Bromley Division as Unionist in 1929, but without success.



THE BISHOP OF MIDDLETON.

The Right Rev. Cecil W. Wilson, Canon Residentiary of Manchester and Bishop Suffragan since 1932, died August 17, aged sixty-two. Vicar, St. James's, Holloway, 1905-13. Vicar of Swansea, 1922. Archdeacon of Bradford, 1928.



SIR ERIC DRUMMOND.

Sir Eric Drummond, K.C.M.G., C.B., succeeds his half-brother, the late Earl of Perth (who died on August 20), as the sixteenth holder of that title. British Ambassador at Rome since 1933. Secretary-General of the League of Nations, 1919-1933.



CONVEYING GERMANY'S THANKS FOR THE CARE GIVEN TO THE "DEUTSCHLAND" WOUNDED: ADMIRAL CARLS PAYING AN OFFICIAL CALL ON THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR. Admiral Carls, flying his flag in the "Admiral Scheer," recently paid an official call on General Sir Charles Harington, Governor of Gibraltar, to convey thanks for the care given by the Gibraltar Military Hospital to the seamen wounded when the "Deutschland" was bombed. Later he presented stars of the Order of the German Red Cross to Sir Charles Harington and Rear-Admiral A. E. Evans, and thirty junior German Red Cross decorations to doctors, sisters, and attendants.



WATCHING THE TURKISH ARMY MANOEUVRES NEAR TRAKIEN: KEMAL ATATURK, DICTATOR OF TURKEY, GREETS A FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHE. The autumn manoeuvres of the Turkish Army were held recently near Trakiyen and were attended by Kemal Ataturk and a large body of foreign military attachés. The Turkish army is now a very modern mechanised force, and the presence of so many foreign observers indicates that, as a somewhat unknown factor in the European situation, it has some interesting lessons to teach.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF KING FARUK OF EGYPT: THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD MONARCH (RIGHT); AND MADEMOISELLE SASI NAZ ZULFICAR, DAUGHTER OF A DISTINGUISHED EGYPTIAN JUDGE, TO WHOM HE IS BETROTHED.

It was announced this week that a formal marriage engagement had been drawn up between King Faruk of Egypt and Sasi Naz Zulficar, the beautiful and talented daughter of Youssuf Bey Zulficar, a Judge of the Alexandria Mixed Appeal Court. This act took place at Montaza Palace on August 22. King Faruk's bride comes of an old Turkish family, and is a granddaughter of

the late Mohammed Said Pasha, a former Prime Minister. Her mother is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen-Mother of Egypt, and Mademoiselle Zulficar was practically brought up with King Faruk's sisters. Recently, she accompanied them to Europe. Her name, Sasi Naz, means "Pure Rose" in Persian. The news of this engagement has given great satisfaction in Egypt.



BERLIN A "CITY OF LIGHT" FOR ITS 700TH BIRTHDAY: THE GREAT FIREWORK DISPLAY IN THE KÖNIGS-PLATZ ;
SHOWING THE COLUMN OF VICTORY AND THE BISMARCK MEMORIAL SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY.

Included in the week of celebrations in honour of Berlin's seven-hundredth birthday was a magnificent show of fireworks staged in the Königs-Platz, in the heart of the city. The square was packed with people, but many more were able to enjoy the beautiful spectacle of the bursting rockets, for the display was visible for miles. Our photograph shows the Column of Victory, which is 200 ft. high, silhouetted against the sky; while on the right is the Bismarck Memorial. The early history of Berlin

is obscure, but the name and coat of arms are believed to be derived from the Margrave Alexander the Bear, who died in 1170. In the fifteenth century the city was united with Kölln, whose existence can be traced back to 1237, and it is from that date that the reliable history of Berlin begins. The celebrations were opened by releasing twenty thousand pigeons, which carried the news to all parts of Germany; and there was a procession showing the story of Berlin through the ages.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: RECENT HAPPENINGS IN PICTURES.



THE ISTRES-DAMASCUS-PARIS AIR RACE: THE SUCCESSFUL ITALIAN MACHINES AT LE BOURGET (RIGHT); WITH THE BRITISH D.H. COMET (LEFT), WHICH WAS FOURTH.
The first three places in the air race from Istres to Damascus and back to Paris, on a course of 3870 miles, were gained by Italian 750-h.p. bombers with three Alfa-Romeo engines. The winning plane had an average speed of 218 m.p.h. In the third plane was Bruno Mussolini, son of the Duce. The fourth place was taken by the sole British competitors, Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston and Flight-Lieut. G. Nelson, in a D.H. Comet, with two 200-h.p. Gipsy engines.



THE FIRE AT THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF A FORMER LABOUR ATTORNEY-GENERAL: THE LIBRARY, WHICH CONTAINED MANY VALUABLE BOOKS, AT SIR WILLIAM JOWITT'S HOME AT WITTERSHAM LITTERED WITH DÉBRIS.



A SPLENDID NEW BRITISH SHIP FOR THE SERVICE TO THE EAST: THE ORIENT LINER "ORCADES," SISTER SHIP OF THE "ORION."

The "Orcades," the new Orient liner built by Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness, is in many respects similar to her sister ship, the "Orion." Notable points about her are her great space for deck games, and the extension of air-conditioning from the public rooms to some private rooms. Mr. Brian O'Rorke, who was responsible for the highly successful interior decoration of the "Orion," has carried out that of the "Orcades."



SHOWING THE WINDOW AND BLANKET-ROPE BY WHICH SIR WILLIAM AND LADY JOWITT ESCAPED: THE SCENE OF THE FIRE, WHICH STARTED IN THE ROOM SHOWN ON THE RIGHT (GROUND FLOOR).

On August 20, a fire broke out at Sir William Jowitt's home at Wittersham, Kent, and damaged the library and an adjoining drawing-room. The main part of the building was saved and tenants and servants had the outbreak under control when the fire brigade arrived. Sir William Jowitt lowered his wife to the ground by means of a blanket-rope and slid down himself. He then obtained a ladder and rescued his sister and an old servant, who had climbed out on to the roof. Other servants were also saved in this manner. The library contained many valuable old books and, as our photograph shows, suffered considerable damage. Sir William Jowitt was Liberal M.P. for The Hartlepools from 1922 to 1924 and, was Labour M.P. for Preston from 1929 to 1931. He was Attorney-General from 1929 to 1932.

MEN WOUNDED IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR ENTERING FRANCE: GOVERNMENT MILITIAMEN BEING INOCULATED ON LANDING AT BAYONNE.

The correspondent who furnishes this photograph notes: "Four hundred Spanish Government militiamen, wounded in the Civil War, were landed at Bayonne, France, by the British cargo steamer 'Bobby.' After the men had been inoculated they were taken in cars to Saint Christau, Basses Pyrénées." Photographs of the recent operations in northern Spain will be found on page 337 of this issue.

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CAMPING INSIDE A VOLCANO:

A FIVE-DAY VISIT TO THE CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL.

By JORGE CARLOS YBARRA and L. PALAFOX ROBLEDA.
Translated by Miss Lillian Paley. (See Pages 356-357)

DURING the clear, sunny days of winter in the city of Mexico, our attention is attracted by the two magnificent volcanoes that lie in the south-eastern part of the immense valley, completely surrounded by abrupt mountains of peaceful blue. We recall the hundred and one legends of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, fairly well known by all mountaineers, and our imagination takes us back to the ancient times of the Aztec Empire and the Spanish conquest. A great desire grows in our hearts to get closer to those giant figures. This is quite feasible. A car takes us to the small town of Amecameca, after ninety minutes' driving on a good road.

Dawn: the rays of the sun emerge behind the volcanoes; their snowy edges glisten. We are ready for the ascent, and a native guide has placed the necessary equipment on his mules. During the first hours we progress amidst woods and small rivers. We walk slowly; the increasingly steep slopes restrain our impatience. The distant towns stretch far below us. Immense agricultural zones lend a geometrical aspect to the panorama. The vegetation is entirely coniferous; pines and "oyameles" fragrantly invigorating.

Five hours have elapsed; the burning sun of midday, the height (12,000 feet above sea-level) and the muscular effort have exhausted our energies. Fortunately, we are already near the encampment of Tlamacaz: We set up the tents for the night; the natives make provision of wood and water, and after a light meal we can relax.

We are on the timber line; above us, grey-black sand fields against the whiteness of the snow; around us, rare vegetation twisted into fantastic silhouettes. Darkness comes slowly upon us, and in the gleam of the fire which helps us forget the biting wind that swoops upon us from the volcano, we start to sing—"Adelita," "Cielito Lindo," "La Cucaracha." Wrapped in our "sarapes," we recall the historic incident of the first conquest of "Popo" by Diego de Ordaz in 1519.

When the Spaniards reached "Tenochtitlán" (capital of the Aztec Empire, now physically superimposed by the metropolis, Mexico City), Cortes was attracted by the column of smoke rising from the peak of "Popo," and ordered Diego de Ordaz to investigate. The fear of natives, the weighty armour of the conquerors, and their lack of adequate equipment did not stop these brave adventurers from reaching the top (5450 metres above sea-level—approximately 17,000 feet). According to the data at present available, the expedition was exceedingly strenuous. The snow was very soft, and they sank deeply into it. Many of them could not endure the cold and decided to return; others perished on the way; and a small number reached the edge of the abyssal crater, Diego de Ordaz first among them, and the first human being to behold the magnificent scene. He found the crater to be a large depository of sulphur, and this discovery was of great value to Cortes, for whom it provided an inexhaustible source of gunpowder. According to some present-day geologists, the crater of the "Popo" is still rich in sulphur; one of them has stated that this substance can be found even at great depth.

Before daybreak we are prepared to climb the snowy expanse. Warm clothes, dark goggles, "iolet," crampons, cameras, and bursting knapsacks are the essentials of our individual equipment. The natives carry the 60-metre ladder made of rope and wooden slats, as well as the tents and remaining articles which we will require. Once on the snow, we strap on our crampons, and panting, step by step, we mount the steep cone. After six hours we perceive sulphuric fumes, indicating the proximity of the crater; a few minutes later we are standing on its rugged edge, breathless before a fantastic, undreamed-of vision. Our first poignant impression defies verbal description.

Seeking shelter from the sharp, swift wind, we set up the tents near some large rocks at the edge of the crater. From the bottom of the huge bowl, foaming spirals ascend and vanish. A dull noise, as that of a great steam-boiler, is heard. Notwithstanding the terrific strain we have undergone, the burns on our partially uncovered faces caused by the reflection of the sun's rays on the snow, and the intense cold, we feel greatly rewarded. In preparation for the descent to the bottom of the crater next

morning, the ladder is suspended firmly from the remains of the hoisting machine used by the sulphur exploiters many years ago.

The exploitation of sulphur was suspended about 1925, as a result of the disaster which caused the death of a crew of labourers who were inside the crater when an unexpected explosion of dynamite destroyed part of the hoisting machine and prevented their escape. By an unhappy coincidence of fate, a severe snowstorm started and lasted for several days, rendering futile the efforts of the rescue patrol; when at last the storm subsided and they were able to reach the top, all their ill-fated friends had perished. This tragedy filled with grief the little town of Amecameca, and from that time on, nobody again ventured the descent into the crater until a group of Mexican mountaineers accomplished it by means of a ladder, and merely for the sport of it.

man, and it is our hypothesis that it was made to facilitate entrance into this second crater in the days of sulphur exploitation.

Enormous rocks tumble from the vertical walls of the principal crater and crash booming into the depths. This occurs more frequently at night, due to the cold, which causes the rocks to contract and break loose. Our tent is to be placed next day on the ring of the second crater, and we must consider two factors: avoiding the falling rocks and evading the penetrating sulphuric gases that emanate copiously from the bottom of the crater. The only propitious site is on the north-western edge of the ring, near the opening.

At night, the impression of the crater changes completely. The bottom seems lighted by a huge bonfire which gives the effect of an imminent eruption; fortunately, this is simply a phenomenon, possibly due to efflorescence or to an insignificant combustion of hydrogen, invisible by daylight.

Previous eruptions, according to historians, took place in 1519, 1548, 1571, 1592, 1642, 1802, and 1918. The first two were the most active, ejecting enough ashes to reach Amecameca. Fortunately, the burning lava did not issue from the crater, but merely served to modify its interior structure. The next eruptions were insignificant, and the last, that of 1918, originated the formation of the second crater.

After a night's repose we are, notwithstanding the height, in good physical condition, but the hardest test is still before us—the descent, one by one, which we commence at eight o'clock. The high wind lifts the ladder and dashes it against the rocky wall, releasing pebbles which, gaining momentum in their fall from such a height, are powerful enough to kill any of us. We are over 18,000 feet above sea-level, and the muscular effort is exhausting. Notwithstanding the fact that some of us are hardy sportsmen, we find, after having descended some 180 feet, that our arms will no longer support us on the ladder. We rest, arms hooked on a rung of the ladder; we shout and try to signal the natives on the edge of the crater who hold the end of the rope which is tied around our waist, but they cannot see or hear us,

so the rope continues to be lowered and compels us to keep pace; we feel it must not last much longer, or we will be defeated. At last, the end of the perpendicular wall; it is such an effort to untie the rope at the waist; we must take shelter at once in a cave, for the next comrade is already descending, and there is danger from falling rocks. After five hours, all twelve of us are safely in the cave. The faithful rope brings down its last cargo of equipment and provisions, which are to sustain us through our five-day sojourn deep within the bosom of "Popo." We have only to reach the site chosen for pitching our tent; but now each of us shoulders a pack of about a hundred pounds, and our energies are already much depleted. One hundred and fifty feet down a slope of seventy grades to the point of ascent to the second crater, another climb of one hundred feet, panting and halting for breath, and we are standing on the ring.

Somewhat—we do not quite know how—we reach the spot. Off with the packs, and we lie down for several minutes before setting up camp. It has taken almost the whole day to descend; we are in the bottom of a deep cavity, and the sun's rays strike only the eastern walls of the crater; soon the light will abandon us completely, and the cold wind which whirls about us will bite deeper; we must work quickly; heavy stones placed on the lower edges of the tent will prevent the wind from carrying it off. At last we are quite comfortably settled, the first hikers to realise this achievement.

Our water-supply is exhausted; we find a block of ice and drag it to the tent; melted, it yields a liquid of vile taste, intensely sulphuric, and we are compelled to mix it with lemon and sugar to make it palatable.

The important thing is the exploration of the second crater. Our masks are small and cover only part of the nose and mouth. They are equipped with filters, which we saturate with acetate of lead, to neutralise the effects of the sulphuric fumes. To reach the opening of the second crater we must follow a dangerous pass exposed to the rocks which hurtle down from the highest part of the first crater. Luckily, we pass without a mishap. On with the dark goggles, and we are ready to penetrate into the dense vapour. Just a heap of rocks replete with fumaroles. We cannot see even a few feet ahead. The gas seeps through our imperfect masks; the membranes of the throat and nose smart, so that we are coughing and weeping. Almost blindly, in the ever-present danger from falling stones, we reach a place which has the appearance of a cave, and from which, instead of sulphuric gas, steam rushes noisily. This cavity is in the side of the second



SHOWING THE HOISTING-MACHINE IN THE FOREGROUND: A VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF THE MAIN CRATER BEFORE THE LAST ERUPTION IN 1918, WHICH THREW UP A SECOND CRATER WHICH WAS ENTERED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE LEGIÓN ALPINA.



BESIDE THE OLD HOISTING-MACHINE OF THE ABANDONED SULPHUR WORKS: NATIVES PREPARING THE LADDER (SEEN AT THEIR FEET) BY WHICH THE DESCENT INTO THE CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL WAS MADE.

Before nightfall, we observe carefully the characteristics of the huge, elliptical mouth. Its major axis is about 2750 feet; its minor about 2500.* The walls are quite perpendicular to an average depth of approximately 250 feet all around the crater. Vents in the walls provide an inlet for sulphuric gases, which rise and disappear in the vastness of the cavity.

In the bottom we see the so-called "second crater," a ring having an interior diameter of approximately 350 feet, its rim a fairly level ledge, widening in parts from three to some twenty feet. On the north side, a piece has been cut from the ring to form an opening, which leads to the deepest bottom of the crater, from which thick fumes of gas pour forth. The opening appears to be the work of

* The figures given by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are 2008 by 1312 feet.

[Continued on page 372.]

FIVE DAYS IN THE CRATER OF "THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN":



CLIMBED BY MEMBERS OF THE LEGIÓN ALPINA OF MEXICO CITY, WHO ALSO SPENT FIVE DAYS IN THE CRATER: THE SNOW-CLAD SLOPES OF POPOCATEPETL, THE SECOND HIGHEST SUMMIT IN MEXICO.



A SPOT ACCESSIBLE ONLY BY A PASS (SEEN ON THE LEFT) EXPOSED TO FALLING ROCKS : THE ENTRANCE TO THE SECOND CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL, WHICH WAS FORMED BY AN ERUPTION IN 1918.



SHOWING TWO MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION (INDICATED BY A "X") ENTERING BY THE DANGEROUS PASS: A VIEW OF THE SECOND CRATER, WHERE MASKS WERE WORN AS PROTECTION AGAINST SULPHURIC FUMES.



DESCENDING INTO THE FIRST CRATER BY MEANS OF A 196-FT-LADDER—ON THE LEFT, MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION SHELTERING IN A CAVE FROM FALLING STONES (X) WHILE TWO OTHERS STEADY THE LADDER (XX).



WHERE MATERIAL WAS COLLECTED FOR SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS, BUT THE DENSITY OF THE STEAM AND SULPHURIC FUMES PREVENTED PHOTOGRAPHY: SOME OF THE PARTY DESCENDING TO THE SECOND CRATER'S MOUTH.

As described in the article on page 355, the Legión Alpina, of Mexico City, a group of young men who combine sport with scientific interests, recently ascended Popocatepetl, the second highest mountain in Mexico, and spent five days on the edge of the second crater, making observations. Besides the

danger of being struck by falling rocks and a fatiguing climb down a 196-ft-long ladder, the expedition suffered from a shortage of water and had to melt ice, which yielded a vile-tasting liquid only made palatable by mixing with lemon and sugar. The second crater was formed by an eruption in 1918

EXPLORING THE HEART OF VOLCANIC POPOCATEPETL.



ONE OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN MEXICO (RISING TO A HEIGHT OF 17,876 FT.) REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN SURMOUNTED BY DIEGO DE ORDAZ AT CORTÉS' COMMAND IN 1519: AN AERIAL VIEW OF POPOCATEPETL; SHOWING THE SNOW-COVERED SLOPES AND THE VAPOUR RISING FROM THE CONE.



THE MAIN CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL ("THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN"), FIRST ENTERED TO A DEPTH OF 500 FT. BY FRANCISCO MONTANO IN 1522: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING ITS ENORMOUS SIZE (2000 FT. BY 1312 FT.) AND THE RUGGED NATURE OF THE SLOPES NEAR THE SUMMIT.

and this is probably the first expedition to make such a thorough examination of it. The history of ascents of the mountain is interesting. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" says: "It is believed that Diego de Ordaz was the first European to reach the summit of Popocatepetl, though no proof of this

remains further than that Cortes sent a party of ten men in 1519 to ascend a burning mountain. In 1522 Francisco Montano made the ascent and had himself let down into the crater a depth of 400 or 500 ft. No second ascent is recorded until April and November, 1827."

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

REMARKS TO THE RICH.

THE death of that famous theatrical enthusiast and patron, Miss Horniman, closely coincided with the announcement that the Trustees of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Fund had purchased a site, in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, for their hoped-for palace of dramatic art. It occurred to me as I read these

Sybil and Eileen Thorndike, Miss Ada King, Miss Irene Rooke, Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Milton Rosmer, and many others.

I am not asserting that this Manchester School, specialising in local realism, was a flawless academy. But it had great character and developed great talents. The idea of it being terribly gloom is based on a few pieces; the Gaiety was often true to its name and offered abundant comedy.

My immediate business is not to comment upon the work done thirty years ago, but to suggest that Miss Horniman, by employing her money in the Irish and English theatres and losing, no doubt, some of it, had much better value for money than most rich people who find themselves with leisure and more than they can spend on hearth and home.

I have not, of course, the faintest idea of her means. She need not have been very rich to do the work she did. In return for her expenditure as a working patron of the drama (for she was not one to sit back and leave all control to others), she made the acquaintance of the most interesting writers and theatre-workers of her time; she had the satisfaction of knowing that she

had founded or greatly assisted careers of great lustre. She was honoured by the University of Manchester and the British Government. If material considerations must come in, I suppose that her correspondence with people of present or subsequent fame would be worth a good deal in the sale room. But let that pass. The point is that her use of her money gave her a full, exciting, and illustrious life.

Would she have had anything like the same amount of interest, apart altogether from fame, if she had lived the life of a rich woman of culture, with a villa in Italy, and a house in London full of first editions and inanimate works of art? The attraction of rare books and pictures is that, once purchased, they remain; they have to be housed and insured,

but they don't have, like actors, to be clothed and fed. Still, to be a Mæcenas in the theatre has usually meant a gayer and more glorious life in the long run. The Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, as friends and backers of Shakespeare, are remembered for ever. What of the Elizabethan grandees who thought only of their horses, hawks, and hounds? Their grandeur has vanished forever, like dust upon the wind. So the actors are not only the brief chronicles of their own time, but of the time past and of time to come. Miss Horniman's name will live with honour. She might have kept a couple of racehorses and a string of greyhounds; in that case her money would have been spent more lavishly, and in five years none but relatives would recollect her name.

Now an appeal is shortly to go out on behalf of this National Theatre, which has a site but not nearly enough money to build and endow a suitable playhouse. The site, one must add, for the benefit of those who think it a bad one, is not irrevocably fixed. The Trustees once had a site in Bloomsbury and sold that. There is no reason why, if a good offer comes along, they should not sell Cromwell Gardens and look out for a more central position, which many strongly believe that they should do.

But let us leave for a moment this question of the suitable street-corner. How, in any case, is the money to be raised, assuming that another £200,000 is needed to obtain the minimum necessary for building, equipment, and endowment? It will have to come from big donations. The number of people sufficiently interested in the prospect of a National Theatre, situated in South Kensington, to contribute even a guinea certainly does not run into many thousands. The non-Londoner may be attracted to subscribe if he is assured that the National Theatre will be



"GERTIE MAUDE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: CAROL GOODNER AS THE 1911 CHORUS GIRL, GERTIE MAUDE, PAYING A VISIT TO SHEILA (ANNABEL MAULE), A STAGE-STRUCK CHILD IN A BIG HOUSE.

Gertie Maude is the mistress of "Rags" Cartwright (Hargrave Pawson), a member of the aristocracy. Her discovery that Rags is going to marry a woman of his own class (and, incidentally, the aunt of her little friend Sheila) leads to tragedy.

two news-items that Miss Horniman, in her own way, had started at least one and a half National Theatres. When working as secretary for Mr. W. B. Yeats, she had become fascinated with the possibilities of the Irish Theatre and used her private means to found the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, which has virtually become the National Theatre of Southern Ireland, since it enjoys a State endowment. This is a very small amount financially, but it is really of great importance, because it demonstrates that the Irish Free State regards the drama as a cultural necessity in a civilised community, a point of view which the British Government has always in effect denied. The English tradition, with its Puritanical bias, has always dismissed the theatre as the resort of rogues, the workshop of vagabonds, and as the proper victim of special censorship and penal taxation.

Having thus put Dublin on the theatrical map, for which, I believe, no sign of official gratitude was ever shown, Miss Horniman transferred her zeal and her resources to the English theatre and proceeded to put on that same map the City of Manchester. During the half-decade before the war her Repertory Theatre, housed first at the Midland and then at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, evoked many new dramatists, actors, and producers, who took their opportunity and went steadily forwards, while Ibsen and Shaw were "regulars" in her programme. Her new authors included Harold Brighouse, St. John Ervine, John Galsworthy, Stanley Houghton, and the late Allan Monkhouse. Her first producers were Messrs. Iden Payne and Basil Dean. I believe that the introduction of the producer, as distinct from the stage director, began, as far as England was concerned, on this Manchester stage. The players who made distinguished starts of distinguished careers in this company were headed by the Misses



GYLES ISHAM AND GREER GARSON IN "OLD MUSIC": LORD TRESHAM, A SCHOLARLY WIT, AND GERALDINE, NOW LADY TRESHAM.



"OLD MUSIC," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: TONY YALE, THE DASHING HUSSAR (HUGH WILLIAMS) BETWEEN THE TWO WOMEN WHO DOMINATE HIS LIFE—HIS WIFE (CELIA JOHNSON; RIGHT) AND GERALDINE (GREER GARSON).

"Old Music" is a vivid play of the 'fifties by the brilliant young playwright Keith Winter. The settings are by Rex Whistler and the dresses by G. K. Benda. The play ends in tragedy; with Geraldine half-accidentally shooting her lover.

a base for good touring companies as well as a convenient house of call for those who happen to live round about South Kensington. (Those who live in Hampstead or Highgate certainly will not relish the proposed address.) The truth is that if the job is to be done reasonably well and reasonably soon it will have to be done by a few subscribers on the grand scale. It was by one huge subscription—from Sir Charles Meyer—that the Fund was started. By similar largess will it, in effect, continue. The small subscriptions are valuable as a sign of good will and general support, but they hardly pay for the cost of organising campaigns to collect them.

If a rich man or woman starts a theatre of his or her own, as Miss Horniman did in Manchester, the donor has the fun of participation. In the case of the National Theatre, such personal control, following a big donation, will not be possible, and there is therefore the less temptation for a rich man to subscribe. It has always surprised me that the Elizabethan habit of having a personal team of players has not been revived. If that wealthy aristocrat, Lord Greenroom, kept His Lordship's Players in Shaftesbury Avenue, he would have just as much fun as by keeping a string of racehorses at Newmarket, and his renown would be far greater. I fancy he would lose less money on his sport. In any case, in view of Miss Horniman's career, I suggest that the rich man should more closely inspect the advantages of being a "backer" of the best.

LEAVES FROM A PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCRAPBOOK:
NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



AFTER BEING SUBJECTED TO BOMBING AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE WHILE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE "BRITISH CORPORAL" ARRIVING AT SHELL HAVEN, ESSEX. On August 6 the British tanker "British Corporal," 6972 tons, was about 30 miles north-west of Algiers homeward bound from Abadan, on the Persian Gulf, with a cargo of benzine when she was attacked by three monoplanes. The ensign had been hoisted an hour before and the captain spread another on the boat deck, but, in spite of this, the ship was bombed and raked with machine-gun fire for an hour. The vessel completed her journey.



IN MEMORY OF THE COMPOSER OF A WORLD-FAMOUS CAROL: THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR, DR. SCHUSCHNIGG, UNVEILING THE GRUBER-MOHR CHAPEL AT OBERNDORF. Dr. von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, recently unveiled a memorial chapel at Oberndorf, near Salzburg, where Gruber's now world-famous Christmas carol "Stille Nacht; heilige Nacht" ("Silent Night; Holy Night") was first sung on Christmas Eve 1818.



THE SECOND FIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: A VIEW FROM THE NORTH TOWER; SHOWING FIREMEN DEALING WITH THE OUTBREAK.

On August 19, the Crystal Palace was again the scene of a fire. This, although by no means as severe as that which destroyed the major part of the building on the night of November 30, was sufficiently serious to necessitate the presence of eight engines. The outbreak apparently originated from sparks blown from a pile of burning rubbish into a partly demolished building in the north transept. The flames spread to the north transept itself before the firemen got them under control.



THE END OF THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE EPSTEIN STATUES AT RHODESIA HOUSE: WORKMEN TAKING PLASTER CASTS BEFORE THEIR DISMEMBERMENT.

After the famous Epstein statues at Rhodesia House had been condemned as unsafe, the head of one having fallen into the street, a controversy arose as to whether the statues should be removed. This was ended by experts deciding that removal would be impossible without damaging the building, and it was arranged instead for all decaying pieces of stone to be taken away. Fortunately, Sir Muirhead Bone obtained permission for plaster casts to be made, so that their complete form will be preserved.

ANCIENT ATHENIAN TREASURES YIELDED BY WELL-SHAFTS:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. WAGNER. DESCRIPTION BY PROFESSOR OSCAR BRONEER, ASSOCIATE



1. AN ARCHAIC GREEK BRONZE OF A RARE TYPE FOUND IN A SIXTH-CENTURY WELL BELOW THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS: A HORSE AND RIDER—IN A FINE STATE OF PRESERVATION.



2. AN ANCIENT ATHENIAN STANDARD OF MEASURE—MARKED WITH THE WORD 'DEMOΣΙΟΝ' (PUBLIC) AND STAMPED WITH AN OFFICIAL "OWL" STAMP; FOUND IN A WELL BELOW THE ACROPOLIS.



3. RELICS OF THE OSTRACISM OF THEMISTOCLES: POTTERY SHARDS USED FOR VOTING HIS BANISHMENT, MARKED WITH HIS NAME, AND ONE OF THEM (TOP LEFT) WITH THE WORD "ITO" ("LET HIM GO!") ADDED.



4. A PAINTED TERRA-COTTA PLAQUE FOUND IN AN ANCIENT WELL BELOW THE ACROPOLIS: A MAN WITH A LYRE—PROBABLY FROM A METOPE (c. 700 B.C.).

THE Athenian Acropolis, whose chief archaeological treasures were brought to light more than half a century ago, is certainly one of the most widely known and most frequently visited archaeological sites in the world. The possibilities of new discoveries on the Acropolis itself are not great, but so rich a sanctuary as that of Pallas Athena may be expected to have overflowed its confines to the slopes below. Seven years ago, a theretofore unknown sanctuary of Eros and Aphrodite was discovered to the north-east of the Erechtheum by the author of this description, Professor Oscar Broneer. His discovery led the American School to undertake an investigation in the area round the sanctuary, now known as Anaphiotika. Few traces of ancient habitation were discovered, but the incidental finds of inscriptions, pottery, and bronzes are both numerous and important. All the objects illustrated here were found in two wells, each approximately 60 ft. deep. One was filled up near the end of the sixth century B.C., the other some fifty years later. In the former were discovered various vessels and other objects of bronze, including the fine archaic horse and rider shown in Fig. 1. Apart from the legs of the horse, which were broken and bent when the statuette was wrenching from its base, its state of preservation is exceptionally good. Since few Attic bronzes of this type have been discovered, this will fill an important place in the history of archaic art from the second half of the sixth century. Near the bottom of the same well were found the fragments of

[Continued above on right.]

5. A VERY IMPORTANT BLACK-FIGURE KRATER FOUND IN ONE OF THE WELLS, BENEATH TWO MILLSTONES!—DESIGNS BY EXEKIAS, THE GREATEST MASTER OF BLACK-FIGURE PAINTING ON THIS, THE ONLY KNOWN KRATER PAINTED BY HIM.

A "BLACK-FIGURE" MASTERPIECE; THEMISTOCLES OSTRAKA.

PROFESSOR OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES, ATHENS.

the black-figured krater shown in Figs. 5, 6, and 7. The vase had been broken and thrown down into the deep well and two heavy millstones dropped on top of it, shattering most of it into small pieces. It was decorated, and probably also made, by Exekias, who is generally considered to have been the greatest of the masters in the black-figure technique. This is the first known krater of Exekias and one of the largest and most successful of all his known vases. About two-thirds of the original vase is preserved. On one side is represented the scene of Herakles' introduction into Olympos, a subject treated by the same master on an amphora from Orvieto. On the other side is a scene of three Greek and three Trojan warriors fighting over the body of Patroklos. The numerous repairs in lead (seen in Fig. 7), which had been made before the vase was discarded, testify to the high esteem of Exekias' works by his own contemporaries. At the very top of the second well was found a fragment of a painted terracotta plaque (Fig. 4), probably from a metope, representing a bearded man holding a lyre. This is a rare piece of early Greek painting.

[Continued on right.]



6. A DETAIL OF THE DESIGN OF THE FINE EXEKIAS KRATER (MIXING BOWL): A CHARIOT SCENE, AND DEITIES TAKING PART IN THE INTRODUCTION OF HERAKLES INTO OLYMPOS, INCLUDING APOLLO, ARTEMIS, AND POSEIDON.



7. EVIDENCE THAT THE EXEKIAS KRATER WAS HIGHLY PRIZED IN ANTIQUITY: THE VASE, MENDED IN ANCIENT TIMES WITH LEAD RIVETS; SHOWING DESIGNS OF LIONS ATTACKING A BULL, AND THE BODY OF PATROKLOS.

dating from about 700 B.C. Among the numerous objects from this well is a public standard of measure shown in Fig. 2. It has a cubic content of 3175 cu. cm., not counting the space occupied by the triple bar at the top, with which it was provided in order to assure the consumers in ancient Athens of a level measure. Perhaps the most astonishing discovery of the season was that made near the bottom of the same well, where nearly 200 ostraka of Themistocles were found (Fig. 3). Most of these are bases of black-painted cups, broken off below the stem and inscribed with the name of the famous statesman. In most cases only his name and that of his father are given, but a few of the ostraka add the word ITO, an imperative meaning "let him go!" The ostracism, which resulted in Themistocles' banishment, took place about 473 B.C. Since we know that the balloting for the ostracisms took place a long distance away in the Agora, where several other ostraka have come to light in recent years, it is likely that what we have here is an unused lot of ballots, probably prepared by the "Tories" of ancient Athens in order to oust the popular leader.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"*A MURDER IN SYDNEY*," by Leonard Mann, is a much more impressive novel than its title suggests. It is not the sensation of the crime, but its causes and effects in the social and economic complexities of Sydney to which Mr. Mann has addressed himself. "There are two sorts of tragedy," shouts a soap-box orator in the Domain, denouncing what he calls the second-hand civilisation of Australia. "There is the personal one, in which a man is in conflict with his own soul. There is another sort . . . a kind of race tragedy of men and women whose destruction is caused by the times and circumstances of their life."

These are the tragedies that lie at the heart of the story. On one side there is the prosperous class from which the weak Hallam and his daughter Barbara—rudderless, hedonistic, and blindly self-seeking—are drawn. On the other there are the people who live precariously and courageously on the fringes, among them Mat, the maimed ex-soldier, who loves Barbara without hope, and Hallam's mistress Chloe,

the splendid creature whom, after his querulous wife's death, he proposes to marry. Barbara strikes Chloe down in a jealous frenzy. She is not less an object of pity than her victim, for she is the product of her environment. There one has the social causes of the crime. In its effects, the generous-hearted Chloe is wantonly wiped out; Barbara is condemned to serve a seven-years' sentence, and Mat, who could have saved her from herself, is left to wait for her release with what comfort he may derive from the thought he has won her, though only through her misfortune and her suffering. Vital energy running to waste, and a society confused and exacerbated by its own liberties compose the psychological background of "*A Murder in Sydney*."

The physical one, that Mr. Mann makes us both see and feel, is the shining pleasure beaches, the surging masses of the city ("crowds, crowds—we cannot escape them!") and the harbour spanned by that mechanistic triumph of man, the great bridge.

Leo Walmsley's "*Sally Lunn*" brings the Fosdycks and Lunns down to the past decade, still blowing on the embers of their ancient hostility. Steam trawlers and the depression have ripped the bottom out of the Bramblewick fishing industry, and the Lunns eventually desert to Barnbarbour. Between Sally's arrival from London to take charge of the home while her mother is in hospital and the family exodus there are perils on the sea, and the three-cornered affair of Tom Fosdyck, Sally, and her possessive sister-in-law, all knitted into the rich material of Yorkshire pluck and obstinacy that is Mr. Walmsley's inspiration. The vigour and raciness of this book are entirely delightful, and he has done nothing better than the group of the Lunns, father, sons and daughter, and the old mother, round whom they revolve.

Here is a blue-water novel—"Sea Way Only"—by Humphrey Jordan, who has irradiated the routine life of a modern liner official with hazards and adventure. The

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- A Murder in Sydney.* By Leonard Mann. (*Cape*; 7s. 6d.)
- Sally Lunn.* By Leo Walmsley. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)
- Sea Way Only.* By Humphrey Jordan. (*Hodder and Stoughton*; 8s. 6d.)
- Divide the Desolation.* By Kathryn Jean MacFarlane. (*Harrap*; 8s. 6d.)
- Boy in Blue.* By Royce Brier. (*Bodley Head*; 7s. 6d.)
- Something Short and Sweet.* By H. E. Bates. (*Cape*; 7s. 6d.)
- Down the Proud Stream.* By Carl Fallas. (*Heinemann*; 7s. 6d.)
- Alli's Son.* By Magnhild Haalke. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)
- The Trial.* By Franz Kafka. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)
- Brain Guy.* By Benjamin Appel. (*Constable*; 7s. 6d.)
- Dumb Witness.* By Agatha Christie. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)
- I'll be Judge, I'll be Jury.* By Milward Kennedy. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)
- Murder of a Man Afraid of Women.* By Anthony Abbot. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)

Ocean Transport Company ran a side-line in freighters, and when Chief Officer Coke, due for honourable promotion, is unjustly relegated to the command of the unspeakable *Magnolia* in the Far East, he meets his adversity with seamanlike resource. Even a shipping magnate to whom a fine sailor is no more than a pawn in his intrigues for the Chairmanship of the Board cannot afford to ignore valuable services and unflinching integrity. Captain Coke knocks out the cargo racketeers, captures new trade for the O.T., by navigating a hitherto unnavigable river, rescues the passengers and crew of a burning ship, and is very properly rewarded with the command of the Company's latest liner. The yarn is gallant and exciting, and we do not doubt "*Sea Way Only*" will make its mark in popular fiction.

With due deference to Miss Kathryn Jean MacFarlane's devoted labours, we cannot admit she has penetrated the mind of Emily Brontë. Her reproduction of the lights and shades of Haworth is sensitive, and if "*Divide the*

Desolation" had been a factual life of the Brontës, it is possible it might have been a masterpiece. As it is, the elaboration of the Branwell theory of the genius of "*Wuthering Heights*" cannot away with the circumstance that it is only a theory. Imaginary letters interpolated into the Brontë correspondence, and imaginary incidents, such as Emily punishing a dog by beating it furiously about the head, are inventions that obscure rather than elucidate a mystery. She has attempted to express what Emily herself was unable to express ("—and if my spirit's self was full of flashes warm, I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunderstorm.") Her novel will be read for its enthusiasm and sincerity; but for us, Emily Brontë

of "*The Palace*"—Alexandra Palace in the war, alien prisoners and a decaying caretaker—and the horrible tale of "*The Captain*," that transfixes a half-witted boy and a dog in agony.

If the magical distinction of "*The Wooden Pillow*" is not repeated in Carl Fallas's "*Down the Proud Stream*," he has certainly succeeded in transmitting the more familiar fascination of the English countryside, and the whimsical charm of the naive adolescent poet among the dairymaids is delicately communicated. The characters belong to any age and any spring in an England remote from highroads, the period being actually the beginning of the present (or is it the end of the last?) century. This is a pastoral excursion, to be read at leisure and preferably in the lee of a haystack, and then carried home and set on the bookshelf to hold you in touch with birds, blossoms and bees, and the perennial flowering of youth.

The two Continental books are strongly individual. "*Alli's Son*," by Magnhild Haalke, is remarkably powerful. In it a mentally deficient child, born of Norwegian fisherfolk, looks out from behind the bars of his prison house. He is stupefied by the dangers that he is told surround him, and dumbly bewildered by his mother's alternate kindness and harshness; but he has his secret treasures, colours, sounds, the soft light on the skerries, impressions more intimately acute than those of the beings about him. "*The Trial*," by Franz Kafka, is a Caligarish exploit demanding a responsive attitude in the reader. The wit is sly; what the trial is to be about is not discovered, for the accused man does not know it. You might as well try to catch a moonbeam as pin the narrative down to actuality. And yet he is there, the somebody who is living and suffering; now a comic, now a pathetic figure, and conjured out of the brooding of a hypersensitive student of humanity.

Nothing could be further from Herr Kafka's introspection than Benjamin Appel's portrait of an American gangster. "*Brain Guy*" is starkly violent. Bill Trent has one foot across the crook world's threshold when he loses his rent-collecting job and is up against destitution. He has witnessed a crook murder. He sees easy money changing hands in the gangster ring, and he forces his way into it and up to its leadership by his intelligence. He perceives the seedlings and harvestings of his damnation; for the rest he is the reckless, lustful criminal who will perish, as the other leaders have perished, when a bigger brain guy puts him on the spot. Mr. Appel has dredged the New York underworld. There is a point at which Bill Trent touches the contrasted goodness and innocence of a German household; but

there is no escape for him. "*Brain Guy*" is a terrible, realistic drama of a lost soul.

Hercule Poirot may be too perspicacious to be credible, but Mrs. Christie sustains the pleasant illusion of his infallibility. She does it in "*Dumb Witness*," as she has done it before, by planning out a murder that could really happen, the kind of murder that probably does happen and remains undetected, and then flipping Poirot on to the trail as deftly as a chef flips an omelette from the pan to the plate. "*Dumb Witness*" is fully up to the Agatha Christie standard; which is to say, it is everything a first-class thriller needs to be—and something more. Milward Kennedy has gone off on a fresh tack in "*I'll be Judge, I'll be Jury*." The opening gambit is original, and the checkmate swift and unexpected. To call it a detective story is a misnomer, seeing that it contains no detection to speak of, and the plot is successfully worked up to the

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AN OUTSTANDING WORK BY AN INDIAN ETCHER: A DRY-POINT PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN ANDERSON, GOVERNOR OF BENGAL, BY MUKUL DEY.

Mukul Dey is probably the first Asiatic artist to practise the essentially Western art of dry-point engraving. His mastery of this technique is evident from the above portrait. He has numerous contacts with leading Japanese artists, and studied etching under Mr. Branding Sloan, in America. Sir John Anderson has been Governor of Bengal since 1932.

still walks alone with her genius on the moor.

Royce Brier, like Miss MacFarlane, an American, is equally earnest in his reconstruction of a phase of the bloody struggle between North and South. "*Boy in Blue*" retells the old story graphically, drawing upon family memories—the author's father was a schoolboy when a Brier fell at Shiloh—as well as a personal survey of the Tennessee battlefields. The love interest follows the well-worn lines of the Southern girl who nurses and charms the wounded Northern soldier. The theme, ably developed in detail, is the martyrdom of youth in the fiery furnace of war.

Mr. H. E. Bates stands at the head of living English short-story writers. The human by-ways in "*Something Short and Sweet*" are mainly dark and sordid. He flashes the observation of genius over them, and passes on; but his feeling for nature infiltrates their tragedies. A sad, frustrated woman goes to shut the window and is "caught by the great breath of the forest, damp, profound, summer drenched, the smell of a whole section of her life. As it hung about, huge and intangible, with an intolerable suspense and comfort, her life seemed very little, and not to matter much." The stories range from the perfect inconsequence of "*Italian Haircut*" to the bitter ironies

THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SOUTH GERMAN RELIEF SCULPTURE OF ADAM AND EVE.

The Renaissance sculptors of South Germany had in their neighbourhood a hard, close-grained limestone, chiefly quarried at Solnhofen, which was admirably suited for small reliefs and medallions. This relief of Adam and Eve—copied from a woodcut by Hans Baldung Grien dated 1511—is an admirable example of their work. It has been ascribed to the workshop of the Hering family of Augsburg, and is probably the work of Loy Hering about the year 1520.

climax without it. "*Murder of a Man Afraid of Women*," on the other hand, is Thatcher Cole, first, last and all the time; what the New York police would have done without him one cannot imagine. Mr. Anthony Abbot specialises in subtle crimes, and his plot takes a vast amount of unravelling. As for your identifying the criminal before the last chapter, the chances are a hundred to one against it.

A Good Lesson



Practice may make perfect, but for most of us it is a lengthy process and lessons are apt to prove exhausting. Still we can all recover at the 19th with a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale—a good tip that you won't find in any of the books.



MOST people have taken, are about to take, or are in process of taking a holiday at the moment, and will perhaps like to be reminded of a holiday of five days enjoyed by a good, hearty middle-class Englishman and four of his friends in the year 1732. The story of the trip, with the original drawings, is to be found in the Print Room of the British Museum; it was bought for the nation in 1847 at a cost of £100. Not till fifty years after the event—i.e., in 1782—did the illustrated account appear in printed form, and it is from one of these comparatively rare books that the reproductions on this page are taken.

William Hogarth, then aged thirty-five, was sitting in the Bedford Arms Tavern under the Little Piazza in Covent Garden. He had recently published the famous series of prints "The Harlot's Progress," and no doubt felt in a good humour, and also in need of a change of air. With him were John Thornhill, son of Sir James Thornhill, painter and big-wig, whose daughter had eloped with Hogarth in 1729; William Tothall, a draper of Tavistock Street; Ebenezer Forrest, a lawyer; and Samuel Scott, destined before many years were past to go down to posterity as "the English Canaletto." One of them suggested the best of all expeditions—an immediate, carefree departure for the unknown. So each went home, stuffed a spare shirt into his pocket, and met his fellow-explorers at midnight. They proceeded down river to Gravesend, thence to Rochester, Chatham, Upnor, Hoo, Queensborough; they drank a good deal, they threw dirt at one another, they behaved in a gross and unbecoming manner, they searched churchyards for odd epitaphs, they admired scenery, they were seasick, and they returned safely to The Bedford Arms, where Forrest produced his description of the journey, Scott and Hogarth their drawings, and four of them inspected and passed the statement of accounts rendered by the treasurer Tothall. MS. and drawings were duly bound up together and remained with Forrest.

It will be understood readily enough that the little book is not a great contribution to literature, but it is a reasonably sparkling essay in the art of burlesque—it is intended, says the author, "as a burlesque on historical writers recording a series of insignificant events entirely uninteresting to the reader"—and provides a most vivid picture of the

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

English scene: the illustrations, of course, have an interest all their own. The narrative ends: "I think I cannot better conclude than with taking notice, that not one of the company was unemployed; for Mr. Thornhill made the map, Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Scott the drawings, Mr. Tothall was our treasurer, which (though a place of the greatest trust) he faithfully discharged; and the foregoing Memoir was the work of E. Forrest."

"The veracity of this manuscript is attested by us . . ." Then follows "Accompt of Disbursements

poem. Forrest's account was lent to a friend of Hogarth, the Rev. W. Gostling, Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, who proceeded to turn it into very minor verse, thus—

With pleasure I observe, none idle
Were in our travels, or employ'd ill.
Tothall, our treasurer, was just,
And worthily discharg'd his trust;
(We all sign'd his accounts as fair);
Sam Scott and Hogarth for their share,
The prospects of the sea and land did;

As, Thornhill of our
tour the plan did;
And Forrest wrote this
true relation
Of our five days pere-
grination.
This to attest, our
names we've wrote
all,
Viz. Thornhill, Ho-
garth, Scott and
Tothall.

After thus dallying with the Muse, let us return to the real heroes of the expedition, Hogarth and Scott. There are nine plates in the book, aquatint facsimiles of the original drawings, by Richard Livesay, issued "at Mrs. Hogarth's, Leicester Fields" (on the east side of what is now Leicester Square), and published Nov. 27, 1782. Hogarth died in 1764: his widow remained in her old home.

Of these nine, the first (Fig. 2) and the last are typical examples of Hogarthian surrealism. The remaining seven are straightforward drawings, four by Hogarth and three by Scott, but one of these with the figures by Hogarth.

The best known of them all is "Breakfasting," with its portraits of the five friends, which was illustrated in our issue of Feb. 10, 1934. It is "The Embarkation" (Fig. 1) which shows Scott at his best, while Hogarth supplies the fun! He himself crawls over two planks to the boat; Thornhill is lending a hand; while Forrest, on land, is pushing forward a reluctant Scott.

It is not, perhaps, surprising to find Horace Walpole looking down his patrician nose at these antics. "They intended," said he, "to have more humour than they accomplished, as is commonly the case in such meditated attempts"—and, true enough, the whole thing is not terribly funny by either Walpole's or our standards. On the other hand, both ourselves and Walpole might be none the worse if we could enjoy simple horseplay with greater gusto: e.g., "being near a well of water full to the brim, we dealt about that ammunition for some time, till the cloaths

and courage of the combatants were sufficiently cooled, and then, all pleased, travelled on. . . . At seven we returned back and cleaned ourselves; supped, and adjourned to the door; drank punch, stood and sat for our pictures drawn by Hogarth. . . ."

Low company, I'm afraid, and very bad examples for our children.



I. HOGARTH AND HIS FRIENDS EMBARKING ON THE MEDWAY—AN INCIDENT OF THEIR TOUR IN 1732: AN ENGRAVING IN "THE FIVE DAYS PEREGRINATION . . ." (HOGARTH'S TOUR); BY SAMUEL SCOTT.

The legend of this explains that Tothall, the draper, is seen at the helm of the boat; Hogarth climbing aboard on two planks, with Thornhill holding out his hand to him; and Forrest and Scott on the bank. Sheerness is seen behind, with the smoke from a salute rising from it.



2. THE FRONTISPICE TO THE "FIVE DAYS PEREGRINATION": A COMPOSITION BY HOGARTH; EMBLEMATIC OF THE PARTY'S PROGRESS BY SEA AND ON FOOT AND THEIR INTEREST IN THE GRAND AND THE ANTIQUE.

for Messieurs Hogarth and Co."—too long to quote, but the total is six guineas (a pint of Geneva Hollands is only a shilling, and their shirts were washed for 1s. 8d.)—and "Vouchers produced, examined and allowed . . ."

Would you care to proceed further down this literary by-road? This famous journey inspired a

Go SOUTH this year

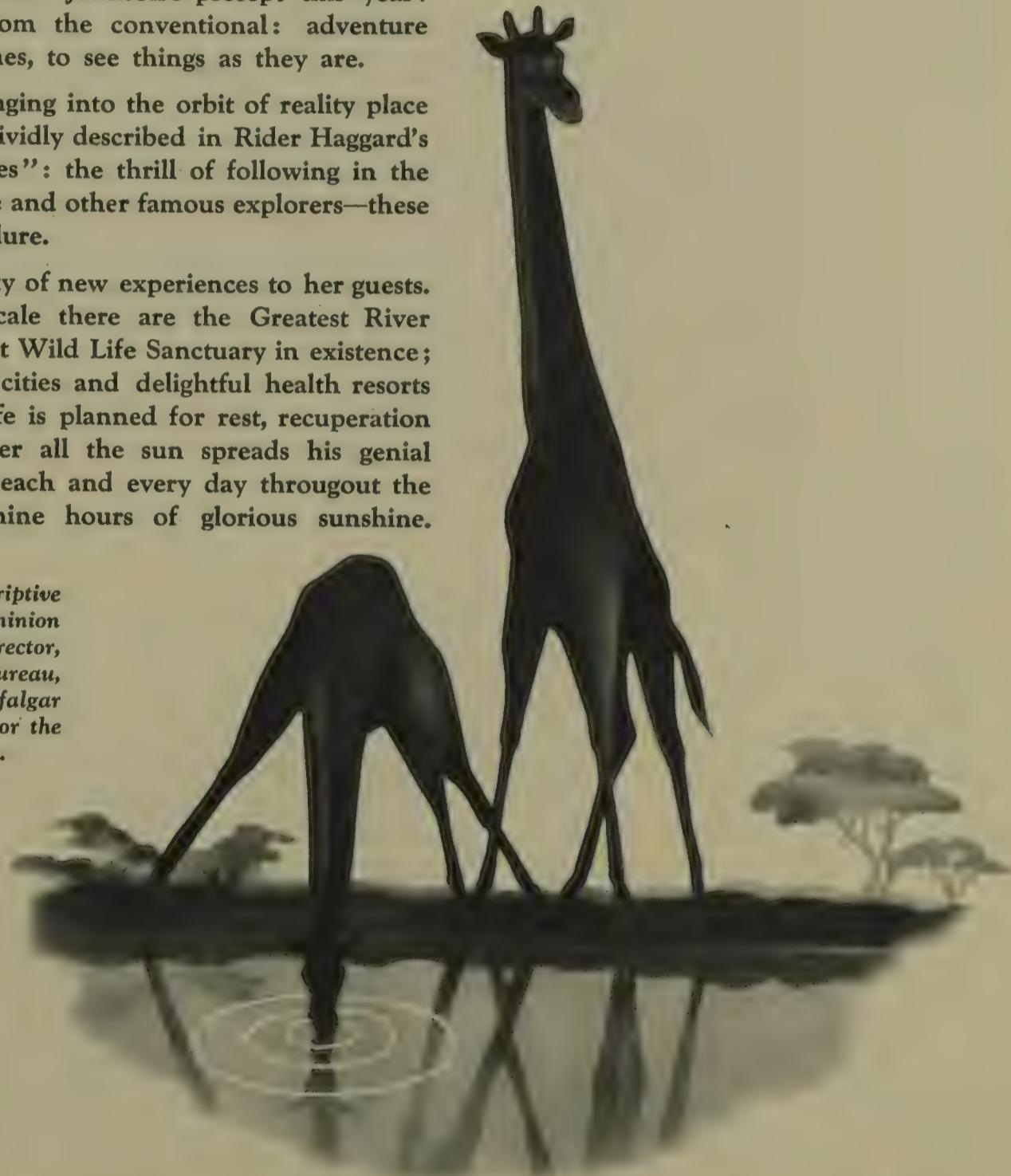
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SOUTH AFRICA

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

CONTROLLING CAPITAL MOVEMENTS.

We are so used nowadays to all kinds of interference by Governments with all kinds of business activities, that only mild surprise is caused by reports of the American Government's intention to make arrangements with European nations for an international interchange of information about capital movements. As we all know, Mr. Roosevelt's administration is bothered by the presence in the United States of very large sums of refugee money, which has been poured in from Europe owing to fears of currency depreciation on this side of the Atlantic, and from Britain in search of the apparently more profitable investments offered by the growing industrial recovery in America, which is some two years in time behind ours, and therefore—so it is argued—likely to continue when ours has begun to wane. It is feared by the American authorities that if at any time conditions became more stable in Europe, much of this "hot money," as they call it, would suddenly be recalled, thus upsetting the market in securities and depressing the exchange value of the dollar. As to the latter fear, the dollar is, surely, amply protected by the huge American holding of gold, the cost of which is so often a cause of complaint on their part. If they are really as much annoyed as they say about the manner in which they have been obliged to buy barren gold from all the world in exchange for nice, interest-bearing and dividend-paying securities, one would have thought that a reversal of the process would, if ever it happened, have been a highly welcome event. As for a depressing effect on Wall Street prices, while the foreign holders were realising their investments, Wall Street might surely be trusted most effectively to "soak" the hot-money merchants and, having acquired their stock at upset-sale prices, then proceed to restore the level of quotations.

STILL MORE SUPERVISION?

It is certainly a nuisance that the course of exchange rates is no longer governed by the ordinary movements of trade and credit, but, in so far as it is not steadied by the intervention of Exchange Equalisation Funds, is pulled hither and thither by the caprices of frightened money-owners, seeking refuge from the next currency storm that may be developed. But the Governments have brought this nuisance on themselves by their failure to restore that measure of confidence in peace and security which is the only true basis of exchange stability. And the danger is that in endeavouring to cramp the style of those who are actuated by fears of unknown dangers, official supervision may make the lives of genuine investors a burden by the regulations that it may impose. Why should not British capital go to those countries in which it sees the best chance of profitable investment? In the past its freedom to move all over the world has been a source of wealth to its owners, has stimulated the growth of the countries—especially of the United States—to which it was attracted, and finally was a source of great financial strength to this country and its Allies when the war came; in consequence of this freedom that our investors had enjoyed, Britain found herself able to command a large and useful supply of foreign bonds and stocks which could be pledged with, or sold to, neutrals in exchange for food and materials needed by the armies, and without which the end of the war might very probably have been quite different. One of the many invasions of the official-ridden City's freedom that is most difficult to account for is the control now exercised, or attempted to be exercised, over its power to invest abroad. It is largely ineffective, since it merely ensures that business that would other-

wise have been done by British houses and firms, is carried out by the London branches of American and foreign establishments; and if it were really effective in maintaining the exchange value of the pound by restricting the power of investors to buy foreign securities, how much confidence could we feel in a pound only kept stable by artificial means of this kind?

A COMPLICATED PROBLEM.

Different Governments, as was to be expected, have different objects in view in this effort at controlling investment. America wants to keep foreign money out, partly because it is afraid that it may want to run away again some day, and partly because it has at last found out that the Wall Street gamble of

maintain the exchange value of the pound, and also so as to keep British money available for the financing of its re-armament programme. This latter is certainly a laudable object, but whether it is really furthered by these regulations is very much open to doubt. The French Government wants to get the money of its citizens back out of its hiding-places abroad, partly because it also has a good deal of borrowing to do and also because it is anxious to defeat the ineradicable distaste of Frenchmen for paying taxes. But capital, and the pieces of paper that represent its claims, are extremely elusive objects to trace, and modern ingenuity finds all kinds of devious means for concealing them even from the vigilant eyes of inquisitorial officials.

It is probably true that, short of the revival of official censorship, such as

was exercised during the war, of all postal communications, real control of capital movements is impossible—and even if it were revived, much might be done by means of apparently innocent conversations, about the trend of fashions or the prospects of a big fight, over the telephone.

THE REAL SOLUTION.

It is said that Washington proposes to establish co-operation with Britain,

France, Holland, and Switzerland in order to promote an exchange of information concerning the oversea, or cross-frontier, activities of investors. In all countries, however, bankers are determined if possible to maintain the secrecy concerning their customers' accounts that they rightly regard as just as confidential as the impenetrability of the Catholic confessional. In spite of the present craving of our rulers to regulate all kinds of business, it is safe to expect that they will respect this determination, and most of the Continental Governments concerned are unlikely to impose regulations on banking which would oblige investors to keep their securities under the mattress at home. If those who rule the destinies of the world would leave off tying business up in red-tape and concentrate on their real job of securing peace and harmony in international relations, all these anxieties about "hot money" would very quickly vanish. Already, thanks to the rise in commodity prices which the American authorities were in such a hurry to check, trade between the nations has staged a fine revival. An article in last Saturday's *Economist* pointed out that in three years (mid-1933 to mid-1936) its index number of wholesale prices rose by only 9 points, but now, in little more than a year, it has risen a net 23 points—"this spectacular movement has been followed, with a time-lag of only a few months, by a scarcely less dramatic revival in international trade. Imports into the United Kingdom were 14·7 per cent. higher in value, and British exports 14·6 per cent. higher, in the first three months of 1937 than of 1936. In the second quarter, the percentage increases were 25·4 and 27·8 respectively."

Such has been the effect on international business of a rise in prices, putting more purchasing power into the hands of the primary producers, whose ruinous losses during the depression were one of the worst failures of our civilisation. It has been achieved in spite of gold scares, mistakes in taxation, war scares and wars, and all the barriers

to the interchange of goods that have been devised by excess of economic nationalism. Given real peace and confidence and a close time in official interference, the business world would build up such a recovery that widespread prosperity, on a scale never before seen, would enable Governments to solve their problems of revenue and borrowing without having to pester investors with regulations about the use that they make of their money.



A SWIMMING RACE BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN CABINET UMPIRED BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: THE COMPETITORS AT SYRACUSE BEACH; WITH THE WINNER, SIGNOR ACHILLE STARACE, SECRETARY OF THE FASCIST PARTY, SECOND ON THE LEFT.

Signor Mussolini, who recently attended the Italian Army manoeuvres in Sicily, promoted a swimming race at Syracuse Beach for the entire Italian Cabinet, with the exception of Count Ciano, the Foreign Secretary, who was in Italy. Il Duce acted as umpire. The winner was Signor Achille Starace, the Secretary of the Fascist Party.



EXAMINING PRINCESS MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM THE CYCLE MAKERS UNION BEFORE ITS DISPATCH TO BALMORAL: FOUR CHILDREN WHOSE BIRTHDAYS FELL ON THE SAME DAY AND WHO ALSO RECEIVED BICYCLES.

Princess Margaret celebrated her seventh birthday on August 21 and among her presents was a bicycle presented by the Cycle Makers Union. Four children, whose birthdays fell on the same day, were chosen from forty-two others to receive bicycles from the Union as a means of further marking the event.

1926-8 was a potent cause of the subsequent collapse of the whole economic life of the United States, and is desperately anxious to avoid anything like a repetition of it; with this object it has, among other measures, tied and bound dealing on the stock market in New York in bonds so tight, that the chairman of the Stock Exchange has protested that the freedom of business is seriously curtailed. Here, our Government wants to keep money at home, in order, apparently, to

This England . . .



Bournemouth from Branksome

OZONE, they say . . . sea air . . . the change will do you good. And so it is. Yet if we think upon it, the greatest good comes surely of the unaccustomed exercise we take. For of what use are the great airs under a wider sky if our lungs are not opened to them. What walkers we become, how we rejoice to feel the soil of another England (yet still our own) under the feet, and savour the sweet odours that sun and rain release. And when little-used muscles cry a halt, how grand to laze in the cool dim parlour of an inn before a Worthington—its tawny gleam a promise of new vitality drawn from our own rich earth.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IN the earlier days of motoring experts had the idea that cylinders under 90-mm. bore were wasteful and non-economic in giving power to fuel consumed. Be that as it may, I notice that several expert automobile engineers in Europe are reverting



ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN NORTH WALES: A NEW DAIMLER "FIFTEEN" WHOSE ATTRACTIVE LINES, BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE, AND CENTRE-POISED FRONT SUSPENSION MAKE IT ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING NEW CARS ON THE MARKET.

to larger four-cylinder engines in place of the six-cylinder ones with smaller bores and strokes. A case in point is the new 16-h.p. Riley "Blue Streak." Here is the latest production from a factory which is celebrated all over the world for producing high-efficiency motors. This 16-h.p. Riley has four cylinders, 80.5 mm. bore by 120 mm. stroke, rated at 16 h.p., 2440 c.c. cubic capacity, develops 83.5 h.p. with inclined overhead valves, single-plate clutch, three-speed synchromesh gear-box with an overdrive, Girling brakes, free wheel, and usual equipment, with semi-elliptic springs rear and front. So here you have a car with five forward speed ratios (two on the overdrive) and a maximum pace for the six-light saloon,

Riley. A Zenith down-draught carburettor, fed by an A.C. fuel pump from an eleven-gallon tank carried at the rear, provides the mixture, which the induction pipes see is equally distributed between the four cylinders. With roomy coachwork, and well-insulated from noise and exhaust fumes, this new Riley "Blue Streak" runs very steadily at high rates, with a good top-gear performance, so caters for a very wide class of both owner-drivers and chauffeurs.

costing £405, of about 80-86 miles an hour. At any speed in excess of 45 m.p.h., the driver simply has to lift his foot off the accelerator pedal, the overdrive automatically comes into operation, and the free wheel is cut out. The three standard gear-ratios are 5.5 (top), 8.25 (second), and 14.3 (bottom or first) to 1, the overdrive giving 3.97 (top or high) and 6.15 to 1 for second gear. The overdrive top thus gives

a pleasant cruising speed without running the engine at high revolutions. The change back to normal from overdrive takes place automatically at a road speed of about 35 miles per hour and the free wheel again comes into action. There is, however, a control on the dashboard to cut out the free wheel and the overdrive, so the driver can stick to a three-speed gear-box and no free wheel as another alternative, but most drivers would not cut out either of them.

As usual, in the 1938 season Riley's the engine has its induction designed on the Hi-chARGE system first introduced on the "Nine" and the 1½-litre

According to the official statisticians of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, private cars average a life of a trifle over eight years. This will give all car-owners a pleasant surprise, as few keep their carriages or cars as long as that, usually parting with them in about half that period. But it is useful to know, as buyers of second-hand cars can thus have some idea how long they can expect useful life from those that they purchase. Now prices have all increased by 5 per cent. or more, old cars will sell at higher prices than they have fetched for the past twelve months or so.

The Used Car Bureau, of Great Portland Street, which keeps a record of prices, informed me recently that despite record sales the selling or buying prices of used cars have not risen. But dealers agree, when you discuss the matter with them, that when the new models are announced their prices are advanced, so the value of the older cars is likely to be advanced also. "So buy now and do not wait for prices to go up" is their recommendation to the motoring public.



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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

RUMANIA—A LAND OF MANY CHARMS.

IN these days of speedy travel, lands which were once thought to be too distant for a holiday visit are now well within reach and offer an interesting alternative to those countries which one may term the regular summer travel lands. One of the most delightful of these certainly is Rumania, with its capital, Bucharest, only fifty hours' distant from London by train, and but a sixteen-hour journey from Budapest, to which there is now an Imperial Airways air service from London. Rumania is a land of great scenic beauty, of snow-capped mountains, fertile plains, and rivers, the greatest of which, the Danube, traverses the country from west to east, forming the boundary between Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria, and cutting through the Carpathians at the famous "Iron Gates." It forms there a series of gorges, with stupendous cliffs rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, which, to my mind, equal the scenery of some of the best of the Norwegian fjords. The Transylvanian plateau, ringed round with rugged peaks of the Carpathians, is a region of great charm, with pleasant little old-world villages, where one may see Rumanian peasant life at its best, catch many a glimpse of the colourful country costumes, and witness a performance of the special Transylvanian dance known as the "Invărtita."

The best time to visit Rumania is in late summer, unless one goes first to Sinaia, a beautiful holiday resort among the Carpathians, about four hours' distant from Bucharest, the summer residence of King Carol, and which has a Casino and



SHOWING THE PRETTY LITTLE ISLAND OF ADAKALEH, A TURKISH SETTLEMENT: A PICTURESQUE STRETCH OF THE DANUBE BELOW THE IRON GATES.

a gay social life, and is an excellent centre for excursions among the mountains. September and October are good months for the low-lying parts of Rumania, though you will generally find cool breezes any time in the summer at Constantza, the largest port of Rumania, on the Black Sea, and an up-to-date seaside resort, with a Lido and a Casino. Sinaia and Constantza have good, modern hotels, and these you will find, too, in Bucharest, one of the gayest of European capitals, with smart restaurants, good theatres, and fine boulevards—the Calea Victorei, used to remind me of the smartest thoroughfares of Paris. Bucharest has a Lido and golf, tennis, and horse-racing; another of its attractions are its gypsy flower-sellers, and quite near to the city you can see gypsy encampments, for the gypsies are to be found freely among the many diverse elements of Rumania's population, which includes Germans, Magyars, Turks, Bulgars, Poles, Jews, Tartars, and Ukrainian Russians!

From Bucharest it is possible, by train or by car, to visit Curtea de Arges and see its handsome cathedral, in which are buried King Carol I and his Consort, Queen Elisabeth, and King Ferdinand, and the splendid fourteenth-century Domneasca Church, with fine frescoes in the purest Byzantine style; Brasov, one of the principal commercial and industrial cities of Rumania, with a Greek church dating from 1392,



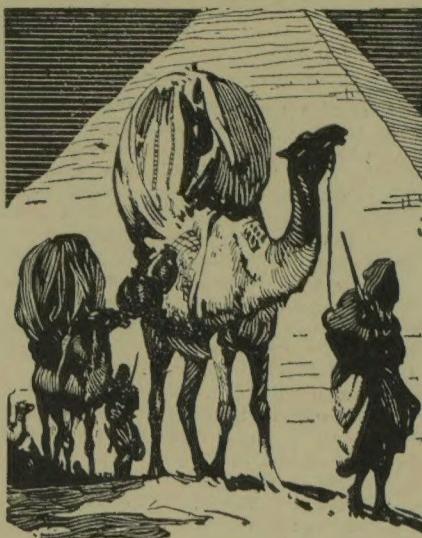
TYPICAL OF THE SCENERY ON THE TRANSYLVANIAN PLATEAU: ONE OF THE SMALL VILLAGES WHICH ARE A SOURCE OF DELIGHT TO VISITORS.

Photographs by Photo-Presse, Bucharest.

a Protestant church built between 1385 and 1425, in late Gothic style, and with the black and white towers of its original fortifications remaining; Sibiu, founded by Saxon immigrants in 1140 and once known as Herrmanstadt, and which has a fine old town hall and a palace, the Brukenthaler Palace, now used as a museum; and Alba Julia, built on the ruins of a Roman town. Alba Julia is looked upon by the Rumanian people as the cradle of their race, for it was here that Michael the Brave proclaimed himself Prince of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, and here the union of Transylvania with Rumania was proclaimed in 1918, and King Ferdinand crowned King of all Rumanians in 1922.

There are many other places of interest in Rumania—Cluj, which has a folk-lore museum; Timisoara, with a weekly market at which it is still possible to get bargains in beautiful Rumanian embroideries; Cernauti, near the Russian frontier, the centre of the cultural, commercial, and economic activities of the whole of the Bukowina; Jassy, once the capital of Moldavia, charmingly situated amongst tree-clad hills, vineyards, and gardens, with a magnificent cathedral; and Galatz, the biggest port on the lower reaches of the Danube. Which reminds me that excellent fishing is to be obtained in the lower reaches of the Danube Delta, a remarkable region of great variety, where there is very good sport with water-fowl. For the sportsman, Rumania also has an abundance of hares, partridges, quail, and woodcock, and in the mountain forests it is possible to shoot bear and wild boar, lynx, chamois, and deer. And last but not least, Rumania is noted for its spas, two of which, having very efficacious mud-baths, are at Carmen Sylva and Tekirghiol, by the sea.

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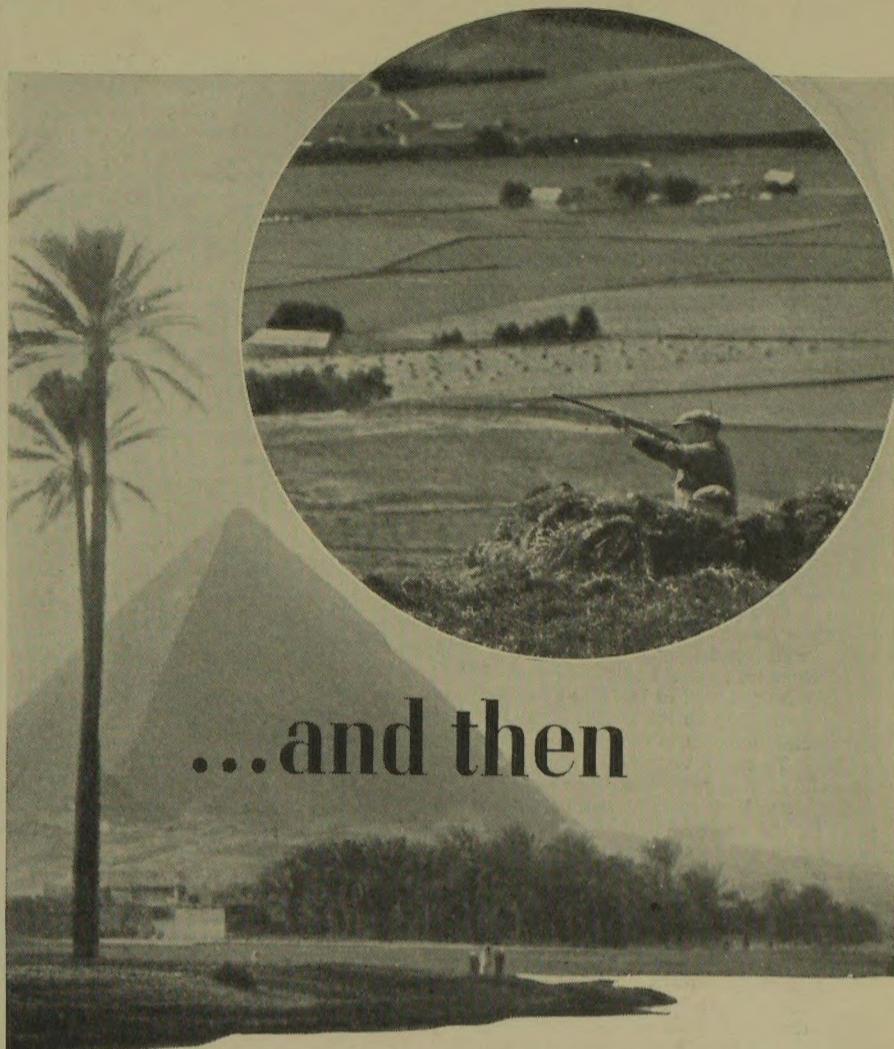
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CAMPING INSIDE A VOLCANO.

(Continued from page 355.)

crater wall, and here we rest for a few moments before continuing the asphyxiating course. We observe that when the pressure of the gases accumulated in the second crater is strong enough to break the atmospheric pressure, the gases burst into a clear column, offering us momentary visibility. In these sporadic intervals we discover with utmost satisfaction a small lake, approximately 200 feet square. The emerald-green water is bubbling at a high temperature, but below the boiling point. The metal canteens submerged in this water become corroded, and we have to use glass containers to draw some of the precious liquid. We learned later that the corrosion was caused by the high sulphuric acid (H_2SO_4) content of this water. Although our cameras were set to take advantage of every clear moment, the results were unsuccessful.

Near our tent we discover steam at high temperature pouring out from a small vent, and we improvise a stove. With sand and stones we reduce the size of the hole and place on it a kettle; in the kettle a cake of ice, and when this has melted, a large chicken. The results leave nothing to be desired.

Our tent stands on the only part of the ring of the second crater that is free from fumaroles; we start to explore the zone where these abound. With the experience gained in our descent to the lowest part of the crater, we can walk around with greater confidence. We find the most important fumaroles on the southern end of the ring. Most of them are surrounded by piles of sulphur of the finest quality, as it originates from the sublimation of the sulphuric gases.

Between the wall of the ring and the basis of the main crater we distinguish the largest of all the vents. It is approximately five feet in diameter, and emits dense clouds of steam. There is very little sulphur around this vent. Here the noise is more than ever like that of a huge steam-boiler, which leads us to believe that this is the most active zone in the crater. It would be very interesting and thrilling, in good Jules Verne style, to penetrate this vent with adequate equipment and discover the enigma of the bowels of the earth.

This expedition was planned and effected by the "Legión Alpina" (Alpine Legion of Mexico City), a group of young men who, besides devoting their time to sports, have scientific interests, applying the knowledge acquired in the Mexican Universities to the many problems with which they are confronted in the least accessible spots in Mexico, very rarely explored by scientists. The "Legión Alpina" has left its pennant flying in many interesting and dangerous places, among them the Pico de Orizaba, Nevado de Colima, Volcán de Colima, Ixtaccihuatl.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GERTIE MAUDE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

GERTIE MAUDE was the daughter of a greengrocer who, presumably, had a shop in the Edgware Road, for he was always popping round to see his sister, who was cook in a house near the Marble Arch. From Miss Carol Goodner's air of refinement, one gathers she was educated at a local branch of Miss Pinkerton's Academy. Seeing that Miss Goodner has already proved that she can play a flamboyant part with the greatest of ease, one is rather surprised that the director restricted her to an "Upper South Kensington" accent. There were lines she had to say that should have slapped across with the sting of a wet towel; instead they landed about as soggy as a moist sponge. Even though the period of the play is 1911, one wonders whether a "seduced young maiden" could have been so terribly sweet. Anyhow, one is sure that when her dearly loved father visited her in her gilded cage for the first time, she would never have allowed him to have eaten fish and chips from a newspaper, when there was, if one may assume from the size and luxury of the flat, a whole armoury of cutlery in the kitchen, not to mention the extremely necessary cruet of vinegar and salt. One has the feeling that Mr. John van Druten, having written his play as a modern piece, suddenly decided it could not stand on its own feet. So he called in the aid of Wardour Street and turned it into "period." His story of the "seduced young maiden" is an extremely sentimental one. Few completely sane young women have ever committed suicide because their lover has left them for another. Fewer still can have died, as Gertie Maude did, with his name on their lips. As a piece of sheer sentimentality the play is not without interest. Its main defect is that it is under-acted. Mr. van Druten always writes such natural dialogue, and his situations approach so near to life, that his plays demand over-acting to get them across the footlights. A fourteen-year-old girl, Miss Annabel Maule, making her first appearance on the stage as a stage-struck schoolgirl, gave such an admirable performance as to make one wonder where the skill of the director ends and the art of the actor begins.

"OLD MUSIC," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

This is the most beautifully-staged play seen in the West End for many years. So much so that the playwright is in danger of being overlaid by the scenewright. It is the bustles and frills period of 1853, when gallant Hussars went to afternoon tea in full uniform. Mr. Rex Whistler has designed one of the loveliest sets imaginable.

An open glade on the outskirts of a wood has turf, trees, and a vista that one would go miles to see if it were actually real. Every moment one expected a rabbit to pop up. The play has a simple story. Miss Celia Johnson plays one of those poor, unhappy orphans compelled to live with relatives, and so learns early in life the habit of self-sacrifice, and how it is only dutiful to give way in everything to the spoilt daughter of the house. She does so, even to the extent of allowing the spoilt beauty to seduce her husband, and eventually shoot him; when she puts forward a plea of suicide in her defence. This is practically all the plot there is. But it is sufficient, for the play has real merit. It is beautifully acted, particularly by Miss Celia Johnson as the orphan, and Miss Greer Garson as the spoilt beauty.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 346.)

on the coast for an enemy to land; consequently, its experiences can hardly be called typical of wartime Spain. Nevertheless, it received three visits from British destroyers, despatched thither to rescue refugees. Eventually, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone were the only Britons left in Tossa, where they had made many local friends and party spirit did not run very high. The author's concluding words are: "We have decided we like living under anarchism, so despite the general exodus of foreign residents, we have decided to stay here."

In its by-products war has certain affinities with crimes of violence. It may not be inappropriate to mention here, therefore, a new addition (Vol. 66) to the well-known series of Notable British Trials—namely, "TRIAL OF BUCK RUXTON." Edited by R. H. Blundell, Barrister-at-Law, and G. Haswell Wilson, M.D., Professor of Pathology at the University of Birmingham. With sixteen Illustrations (Hodge; 10s. 6d.). This is the story of a murder in Lancaster revealed by the discovery of human remains in a Scottish ravine—a crime for which Dr. Ruxton, an Indian, was eventually executed. The case is gruesome in its details but of interest to lawyers and criminologists from the intricate building-up of the medical evidence—"perhaps the most outstanding achievement in forensic and anatomical reconstruction ever described in a court of law." For the first time in a criminal trial there was used, as evidence, the superimposition of photographs of skulls on to known photographs of deceased persons.

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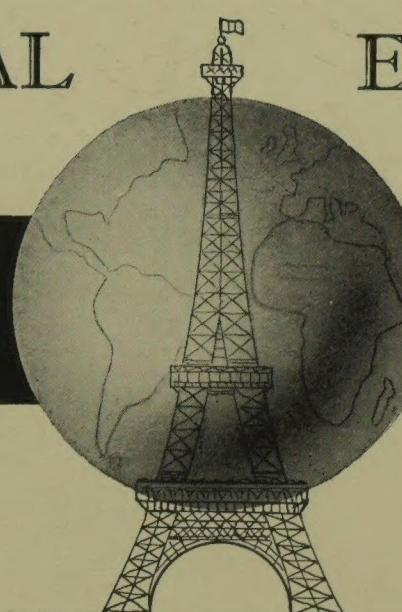
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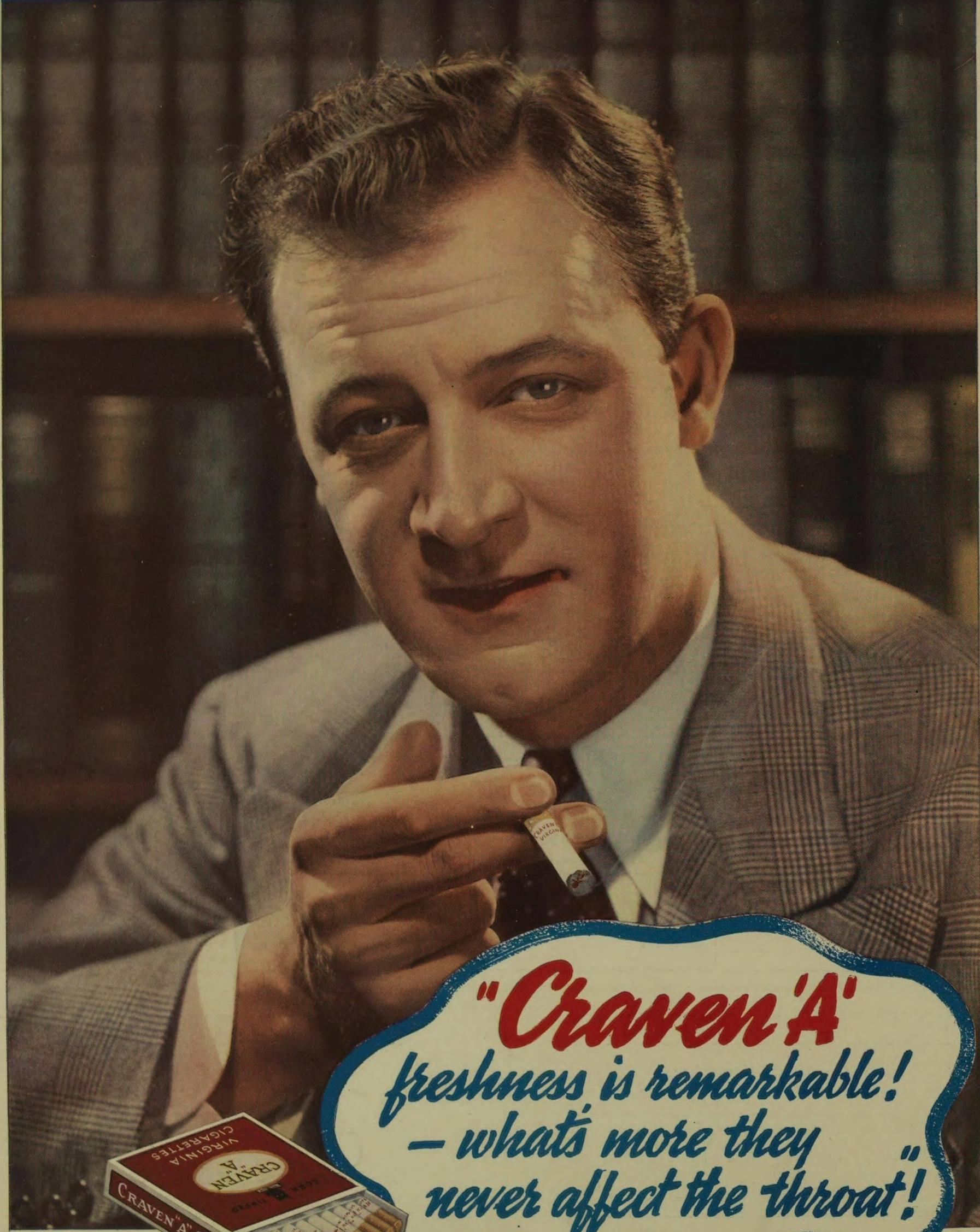
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